

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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The Lexington Club hold their annual dinner at Young's, Boston, to-morrow afternoon.

About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

=Samuel H. Smith, Esq., has opened an office at 3 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

=The ladies of the Unitarian church are working hard for their fair which occurs early in February.

=The Universalist Social club will hold their meeting next week with Miss Esther Richardson.

=Rev. F. A. Gray, of the Universalist church, will exchange with Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker, of Meriden, Conn., on Sunday next.

=The Ladies' Sewing Circle of the Congregational church are meeting weekly, on Monday, to prepare for a fair to take place at a time as yet not decided on.

=The annual business meeting of the society connected with the Orthodox Congregational church will occur next Monday evening in the vestry.

=Service at six o'clock at the Congregational church, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. society on Sunday evening. Miss Mabel R. Bradley, leader, and the subject will be "Lead me on."

=There will be a meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion, in Menotomy Hall, Tuesday Jan. 22, at 4 o'clock, p. m. The leader wants every member to there, without fail.

=Prof. D. Dorchester, Jr., will preach in the church at the heights, next Sunday morning and evening. Subject for evening, "My religious impressions in Europe."

=A bad place in the side walk on Mystic street near the rear of Fowle's mills has been filled in with gravel as a mode of improving its condition.

=The evening service at the Pleasant street church, on Sundays, at seven o'clock, is growing into more general favor, as shown by the attendance of late. The large vestry last Sunday evening was crowded, every available seat being occupied.

=Sunday next, being the second Sunday after Epiphany, the appointments at St. John's church are as follows: Holy Communion at 9.45, a. m.; Morning Prayer with preaching at 10.30; Sunday school at noon and Evening Prayer at 4 o'clock.

=The electric light company has been running an extra wire the past week for the benefit of the local service. This line has been attached to an extra dynamo which will insure a greater and steadier volume of light in the future. The current for the incandescent and arc lights are now separate.

=The "Week of Prayer" was observed at the Baptist and Congregational churches by holding meetings each evening during the week. They were fully attended, of marked interest, and good results are apparent to those sustaining them. The meetings on Sunday evening last were phenomenally large.

=A week or so ago we spoke of an accident to the wife of Col. Alfred Norton. Although it was a serious one, hopes were entertained of her recovery, but all that good nursing and the best of medical skill could accomplish were unavailing, and she passed away, Wednesday morning, leaving a family of grown up children with whom her memory will remain a benediction and a blessing.

=Arlington branch C. L. S. C. met with Miss Grace Swan, at her father's hands, a new home on Arlington avenue, Tuesday evening, nearly every member being present. Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker generously contributed to the enjoyment of all by readings and a unique "sermon" and other parts of the programme were finely sustained.

=Miss Kitty L. Beran, for the past ten years a very successful teacher in the Brighton St. grammar school in Belmont, committed suicide a few days ago by jumping from a fourth story window, at her boarding place at 76 Myrtle St., Boston. She had not seemed well for some weeks, and had resigned her position for the remainder of the term. Temporary insanity is supposed to be the cause.

=The annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held the afternoon of Friday last, in the parlor of the Pleasant street Congregational church. The annual election of officers took place at this time which was the principal business transacted. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. M. J. Wiggins, president; Mrs. C. S. Parker, Mrs. C. N. Whittemore, and Mrs. H. T. Gregory, vice-presidents; Mrs. H. A. Kidder, secretary; Miss C. A. Learned, treasurer; Mrs. G. W. Fuller, superintendent of juvenile work; Miss Emily Tolman, superintendent of Sunday-school work; Mrs. W. S. Frost, superintendent of press publications; Mrs. Joseph Payne, canvasser for temperance newspapers and periodicals.

=Few matters of a nearly private nature have occasioned the discussion and unfavorable comment provoked by the reading of the will of the late Dea. Henry Mott. By its provisions the town receives \$5,000, a like sum is devoted to missions, \$1,000 goes to his executor, while those who were supposed to be like children to him (his was a childless home), are cut off with a paltry \$200 each. In one sense a man has a right to do as he pleases with his money; but there is scant justice, to say the least, where a man fosters anticipations only to disappoint them, and makes no provision, though possessed of ample means, for those who had a right to look to him for an approach to parental affection.

=We have been kindly permitted to lay before our readers, in another column, an interesting letter written by Miss Grace E. Trowbridge (daughter of J. T. Trowbridge, Esq.) of Arlington, now in Naples, Italy, to the members of her Sunday school class connected with the First Parish church. Though not intended for publication, it will doubtless be read with equal interest by the writer's late schoolmates in the Russell grammar school, from which she recently graduated. It is worthy of mention that though Miss T. is but about 14 years of age, her letter has required scarcely the touch of the editorial pen for the correction of either orthography, grammar, or punctuation—a fact which speaks well for the training of the Arlington public schools.

=One after another the men who were prominent in public affairs a few years ago are passing away, this week adding another to the quite long list of deaths of this kind within a year. This week we chronicle the death of Mr. John Fillebrown, one of the highly successful of our garden farmers, at the age of 77 years. In early life he was employed in the card factory here, but when that business failed, like several others in the same employ, he turned to garden farming, in which he was eminently successful. During the years 1875-8 he served as one of the Water Commissioners, this being his only public office. He leaves a wife and three daughters one of whom is the wife of Rev. W. H. Ryder, D.D., at one time pastor of the Universalist church in this town. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Warren street, last Tuesday, and was attended by a large number of our prominent citizens.

=Miss Helen E. Crosby, the only daughter of Mr. John S. Crosby, died at her father's residence, on Mystic St., Jan. 13th. Miss Crosby was greatly beloved in her home and the Baptist church and Sunday school of which she was a devoted member and teacher, and her death has been the cause of true mourning in the circle of friends which knew her best. She was a gifted writer and frequently her contributions of the brain and pen have been generously given to increase the interest of concerts given by the Sunday school, in the way of poems and appropriate exercises. Miss Crosby has been ailing some two years with a lung difficulty which the doctors were unable to determine the direct cause at the time of her death. The funeral occurred on Wednesday at her late home, at 2.15 p. m., Rev. C. H. Watson, her pastor conducting the services. The burial took place in Mt. Pleasant cemetery. The floral tokens were beautiful and profuse.

=J. Robert Connor, an employee of the Electric Light Co., sustained a painful and serious accident on Monday noon. While at work on the pole located at the junction of Broadway and Franklin St., near the Wm. Penn Hose House, adjusting the fixture of the incandescent light a part of the crane on which he was balancing himself, placed some sixteen feet from the ground on the pole, unfortunately gave way and Connor was suddenly dashed on the concrete below. He fell on his knees and the force of the fall crushed them in a cruel manner it being evident as far as could be ascertained that he had sustained a compound fracture of the knee joints. He was taken into the residence of Mr. Samuel Buckman near by and attended by Dr. Tufts who made him as comfortable as possible before sending him to the Mass. General Hospital, Boston. Mr. Charles Hartwell lent his assistance with the light wagon used in his business, and conveyed the sufferer to his destination with as little jar as possible. The doctors at the hospital consider the injuries of a very serious nature. Mr. Connor is about thirty years of age and unmarried, his home being in St. Louis.

=The young ladies mission circle of the Congregational church met on Monday afternoon. Some of the members of the society are rehearsing for an opera to be given for the benefit of the society.

=The newly elected officers of the Sons of Veterans were installed last evening, in their camp headquarters in the rooms of the C. Y. M. C. A., Capt. W. H. C. Noble, of Camp 14, Cambridgeport, being the installing officer. The following is the full roster:—

Captain.—C. A. Harris.
1st. Lieut.—M. C. Daley.
2nd Lieut.—Fred F. Whitney.
Chaplain.—F. P. Cutter.
1st. Surgt.—W. S. Hollis.
2d. Surgt.—J. A. Moulton.
Sergt. of Guard.—J. J. Hurley.
Musician.—F. J. McLeod.
Color Guard.—W. J. Kenniston.
P. G.—J. W. Carroll.

Remarks were made by Lieut. Col. Davis of Division Headquarters, and Com. Blanchard of Post 36 C. A. R., and others. At the close of the meeting a collation was served.

=Yesterday afternoon our attention was called to a novelty in the way of ice tools, set up ready for the painters in the factory of Wm. T. Wood & Co., that might properly be designated the father of all ice plows. By comparison with its companions of the ordinary make it seemed monstrous, being eight feet long, with six cutting teeth, the longest being two feet long. This is fully three feet longer than the largest usually ordered, and will cut eight inches deeper. This big plow has been built from special design to all orders from the Arctic Ice Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba, and is to be put to practical daily use on the lake from which their ice supply is obtained, where ice frequently forms four feet in thickness. The finish of this plow is exceptionally fine; the tempering and other work has been carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Cyrus Wood, and it is safe to assume that if any ice plow will cut a furrow the depth of two feet, the one now about ready for shipment will perform the task. Though large, it does not seem to be unwieldy, but rather a marvel of strength and lightness.

=The Arlington Heights S. T. Club celebrated its third anniversary on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, at Union Hall, with a supper, followed by an entertainment and dance. Forty-five ladies and gentlemen took seats at a most bountiful spread table at precisely 7.30 o'clock, and when the wants of the inner man had been fully satisfied, the company listened to a short address by the President, who gave a brief history of the club, closing her remarks with a welcome (on behalf of the club) to every one present, and introducing the toast master of the evening, Mr. A. W. Turner, after which the quartet gave a song of welcome. Then, while ice cream was being served, the toasts were given and responded to in a most happy manner. This ended the ladies soon had the tables cleared, and the gentlemen arranged the hall for the following entertainment:—

Piano Solo, Miss Lulu Love.
Singing by Quartet, Messrs. Burchmore and Turner.
Reading, Miss Alice May Esty.
Solo, Alice May Esty.
Singing by Quartet, G. Idrethmore.
Duet, Miss Alice May Esty, Mr. Turner.
Reading, Vina Kendall.
Closing Chorus by the Company.

The floor was then cleared for dancing, and it was midnight altogether too soon. The company dispersed with many sincere wishes for the future prosperity of the "Club," and that all might be able to attend the next.

=More burglaries were perpetrated in Arlington last Friday night. The residence of Mr. Horace H. Homer, on Pleasant street, was visited, and two watches and a lot of broken jewelry secured. Their operations awakened one of the inmates who gave an alarm at which they fled, but not a great distance, for the home of Mr. Henry J. Locke was broken into the same night, and in the morning, on the floor, was found a rubber chain from one of the watches stolen from the Homer house. At this last place one spoon and a napkin ring was the extent of the booty obtained. On the day following, early in the forenoon, a boy named James Birmingham came to the police station bringing one of the watches stolen from Mr. Homer's, and an improbable story about having found it at Arlington Heights; that he now returned it at the demand of his parents. The boy was arrested on charge of receiving stolen goods, in the hope that he would betray the thieves, but he stuck to his story, improbable though it was, and in the absence of other proof, the judge of the Cambridge court concluded not to hold him for further examination. Suspicion points to young men in Somerville who will be closely watched, and we may be free of these housebreakings for a time.

=The Cotting High School Alumni party, Jan. 31st, will doubtless be the one grand social event of the new year. Tickets will be disposed of to members on the democratic plan,—"first come, first served."

=The "Original Smith Family" made their appearance, in due form, in the vestry of the Universalist church, on Wednesday evening, and before an audience which filled the vestry. The family consisted of Mrs. Russell, Miss Carrie Higgins, Miss Ella Ronco, Miss Nellie Marston and Messrs. Holt, Pattee, Cutter, and Turner. Their faces were as familiar as ever, but otherwise they were original and grotesque. A large canvas had been stretched across the stage on which was painted figures of most absurd proportions and attitudes, there being an immense fat woman, the phenominally tall and short man, etc. Incisions were made in the canvas for the faces and hands of those taking part, and nothing could be more ridiculous or amusing than the result. The company sang familiar songs with original words and each one had a solo part of an appropriate nature. This feature of the programme was a striking success. The one to follow was no less so, it being a farce entitled "Paddle your own canoe," which abounded in absurd situations which were laughable and amusing. The parts were taken with exceptional merit, Mr. Russell personating an impecunious dentist with Mr. Pattee as his colored office boy. During the absence of the dentist, Mr. Ed. Cutter, a musical friend of the same undertakes to perform the operation of pulling teeth with the aid of the colored servant. Their operations on an Irishman, in the person of Mr. Chas. Cutter, and a Chinaman (Mr. Willie Nichols) an amateur tragedian (Mr. Wier) made the vestry ring with laughter. The parts were all got up in fine style and portrayed in a manner to win much applause. Minor parts were taken by Mrs. Herbert Pattee, Miss Carrie Russell, and Mrs. Storer and Mr. Richards, who contributed to the success of the whole. An orchestra furnished music during the evening.

Lexington Locals.

=Tuesday evening the officers of Post 119 and Relief Corps No. 97 were publicly installed in the parlors of the First Parish church, the committee of the parish generously opened the chapel and dining room for their accommodation. In the early evening the Post and Corps, representatives from Department headquarters and visiting comrades and ladies from Arlington, Woburn, Medford and Cambridge, sat down to a substantial and attractively spread supper in the dining room, and afterwards came to order in the chapel, the centre of which was arranged in the usual form for Post meetings; with seats for visitors and invited guests on the sides. Inspector-in-chief Post Dept. Com. George S. Evans, officiated as installing officer, being ably assisted by Post Com. J. W. Walker, of Post 30. Few if any of the department officers are the equal of Com. Evans in skill and effectiveness as installing officer, and on this occasion he was at his best. The ceremony completed, Mrs. Benj. Randall, of Medford, assisted by Mrs. C. W. Isley of Relief Corps 43, proceeded to install the officers of Relief Corps No. 97, and they handled the interesting and impressive work laid down in the ritual so as to secure the best of good impressions upon the large company of spectators. As most of the visitors were obliged to leave on the 10.10 train for Boston, there was little time for the speech making usually an important feature of these public installations, but Mrs. Darling, president of the Corps, made a very effective address, in which the growth of the organization, the faithfulness of its members and the sterling fidelity of a few were touched upon, and then the balance of the time was given to Com. Evans, who aroused a high degree of enthusiasm as he appealed for aid to the Soldiers' Home and provision generally for the disabled comrades, so many of whom are now cared for on the Poor Farms of this state. We congratulate both organizations on the good prospects for the coming year. The following is the full list of officers installed:—

POST 119.
Everett S. Locke, commander; O. B. Darling, sr. vice-commander; Charles G. Kaufmann, jr. vice-commander; Chas. T. West, quartermaster; Chas. M. Parker, chaplain; C. H. Bacon, surgeon; Samuel Moulton, quartermaster-sergeant; Geo. D. Bennett, sergeant-major; Wm. P. Foster, officer-of-the-day; Geo. N. Gurney, officer-of-the-guard; J. N. Morse, representative to the annual encampment, Geo. D. Harrington, alternate.

RELIEF CORPS 97.
Sarah A. Darling, president; Amy L. Morse, senior vice; Sarah E. Pierce, jr. vice; Carrie Kaufmann, secretary; Maria L. Kirkland, treasurer; Julia C. Maynard, chaplain; Mattie Gurney, conductor; Sarah Nourse, guard; Mrs. Agnes Packard, asst. conductor; Mary E. Tyler, asst. guard.

=A circuit meeting will be held in the Unitarian church on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. The subject of the meeting will be "The value of public worship."

A correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* urges that the ordinary doctrines of law be taught in public schools.

The people of France have \$200,000,000 invested in the Panama Canal, and the chances are they will never get back a cent.

"Pine straw bagging," says the *Florida Dispatch*, "is pronounced, after a thorough test, to be superior to jute in every respect."

The Argentine Republic is forging ahead at a tremendous pace. The only parallel is to be found in the history of the United States.

There are about 35,000 deaf and dumb people in this country, and they increase, of course, as the population increases. The greatest educational center for them is in New York city.

The French chemist who discovered oleomargarine has now invented a process for treating steel by which steel bronze and bell metal can be made at fabulously low prices.

The new public library building in Boston is designed to accommodate the most complete collection of books in the United States. It will have shelf room for 2,000,000 volumes.

A new phrase was invented by Lord Compton, a Radical peer, who was recently a Parliamentary candidate in London. "Three rooms and a cat" was, he said, the existing standard of comfort for the working classes.

The fact that the city population of this country had increased from four per cent. for the whole in 1800 to twelve and a half per cent. in 1890, and twenty-two and a half per cent. in 1890, was made the basis for gloomy prophecies of disease, poverty and anarchy.

Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One of two cases have recently occurred in which the finger nails have dropped off, one after another. This affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the Morse system of telegraphy.

Indianapolis is to have a soldiers' monument that will be 265 feet high, and is expected to cost \$350,000. It will be constructed of limestone from Indiana quarries, and, if the hopes of its designers and builders are carried out, will be the finest and costliest soldiers' monument in America. The work will take three or four years to complete.

The little town of Brookline, Mass., which is nearly surrounded by Boston, is valued for purposes of taxation at \$407,454.08, which is more than one and a half times as much as the valuation of the whole State of New Hampshire. It is the wealthiest town of its size in America, and mainly because it has the reputation of being a taxpayer's paradise.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Washington: "The question of pure lard would appear to be interesting the country just now to an unusual extent, as about two hundred petitions have been presented in Congress asking for the passage of a law to tax adulterated lard, as was done in the case of oleomargarine. The petitions are being sent from the granges in various States."

Belgium, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and several Swiss cantons, have prohibited the public exhibition of hypnotic or mesmeric performances. France will probably soon follow, as the measure is recommended by the French association for the advancement of science. There is a growing conviction that the practice of abnormal phenomena tends to make them normal or permanent characteristics of the patient.

There is much that is picturesque, doubtless, in the war now in progress in Egypt, observes the Washington *Star*, but not a great deal that is of interest to Americans, except as the results may effect the fortunes of Emin and Stanley. So strong is the influence of propinquity and kindred that the sinking of a tug on the Potomac with two laborers on board would stir more deeply the hearts of the newspaper readers of Washington than the brilliant fight at Suakin in which 400 Arabs were killed.

Says the New York *Herald*: "It is one of the oddest of geographical caprices that in the course of nature the strip of land in Central America, only about one hundred and fifty miles wide, should separate the two oceans. You would naturally suppose that either the Atlantic would have worked its way to the Pacific or the Pacific to the Atlantic. The early explorers believed that this must be the case, for they sailed on and on to find the expected outlet, but were at last compelled to go round Cape Horn. What nature refused to do we must do for ourselves. Since the Panama route has been practically abandoned, the more necessity for undertaking to pierce the Isthmus by the Nicaragua line of survey."

The shipment of 10,000 Chinese coolies to Siberia will mark, asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a new departure in the relations between China and Russia. For a long time the frontier has been rigidly guarded and no Chinese have been able to settle in Siberia, while China, on her part, has prevented any European miners from working the rich gold deposits on the Amoor river. Many parts of Southern Siberia offer a good field to the adventurous Chinese who have been cut off from this country and Australia.

A movement is on foot looking to the passage of an act by Congress, if other measures are inadequate, that will require all the persons on the Treasury pay rolls of the Government to be actual residents and citizens of this country. The movement has its origin from the fact that a considerable number of those carried on the pension list have gone to Europe and taken up permanent abodes since the allowance of their claims. An extra expense is entailed by the State Department in making out and forwarding drafts to these pensioners.

It is estimated there are now in Europe, Asia, the United States, and Canada about fifty institutions for the education of feeble minded children. These all originated, says a Western writer, in the effect of Edward Seguin, a French physician, who exactly fifty years ago gave up a brilliant career and devoted himself to the cure and restoration of these unfortunates. He discovered and taught that idiocy is not the result of deformity of the brain nor malformation, but is the result of an arrested development, occurring at any stage before, at or after birth. In his own school he succeeded in counteracting this arrest of development and in restoring to society about seventy-five per cent. of his pupils.

Mrs. Annie W. Ryers, who died in Philadelphia in 1881, bequeathed the sum of \$60,000 to provide a hospital for ill, aged and injured animals. She also directed that the sum of \$10,000 be placed with a safety deposit company and the interest therefrom used for the support of the institution. She appointed a President and officers to run the concern, and buildings are now being erected with a view to carrying out her wishes. It is to be called "The Ryers Infirmary for Dumb Animals," and it is to be operated in connection with the Pennsylvania society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The officers have been having a number of conferences as to how the will should be carried out. Whether cats and other animals will be admitted has not yet been decided. It has been agreed, however, that first of all horses of carter and teamsters and others too poor to feed and shelter their stock should be received and cared for. It is said that there is not another like institution in the world.

Senator Reagan of Texas is the first Senator courageous enough to employ a female private secretary. Every Senator not the chairman of a committee is allowed a private secretary, who receives a salary of \$6 a day during the session. A good many Senators appoint their sons or nephews as private secretaries, as the responsibilities attached to the places are not heavy and the \$6 a day is not a bad thing to keep in the family. No Senator has ever been known to make his daughter or niece private secretary, but Senator Reagan shows his indifference to traditions and his belief in the equality in the sexes by making his wife his private secretary. At the beginning of the session the Senator dismissed the man who had officiated in that capacity last summer and had Mrs. Reagan's name duly enrolled on the books of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mrs. Reagan is now a full-fledged private secretary, and draws her \$6 a day just like a man, while the salary is all kept in the family. Mrs. Reagan now has the right to go on the floor of the United States Senate, a privilege accorded to no other woman.

Mayor Alfred C. Chapin, of Brooklyn, has sent to the Board of Aldermen a long communication, the subject being the growth of the city, and drawing attention to building needs of the present and in the near future. In the introductory passages of the message he gives the total number of votes cast in the late election in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Chicago, and taking the percentage of population to each voter in the various cities under the census of 1880 as a basis, figures out the apparent population of those cities to-day. The table is as follows:

	Population in 1880.	Apparent population to-day.
New York	1,306,299	1,885,829
Philadelphia	847,173	1,014,353
Brooklyn	593,693	782,221
Chicago	503,185	745,258

In 1820, he says, the proportion of the two cities to the population of the State was less than one-tenth, while in 1880 it was more than one-third, and taking the last Presidential vote as a basis the present population is about two-fifths of the population of the whole State. A computation of the figures he presents gives the astounding result of 2,500,000 population in New York in 1920, and of 2,200,000 in Brooklyn, but he thinks that the excess of residence era in and about Brooklyn must continue to tell in its favor as compared with New York.

MARTHY'S KISS.

When I went a-courting Marthy,
I was poor as poor could be,
But that didn't stop her agin me,
For she had faith in me;
She knew I had grit an' courage,
An' wasn't the kind to shirk,
An' she was ready an' willin'
To do her share of work.
I remember our wedding mornin',
An' how she said to me:
"You're poor an' I'm poor, Robert,
That's easy enough to see;
That is, as some folks reckon;
But our hearts are rich in love,
An' we'll pull together,
An' trust in the Lord above."
Then she reached up an' kissed me,
An' said, as she did this,
"There's always more where that come from,
An' there's help sometimes in a kiss."
I tell you what it is, sir,
I felt as strong agin,
After that kiss she gave me,
An' I just laid out to win.
An' I did it. We've money a plenty,
An' the comfort it can give;
We've a home, an' we've got each other,
An' a few more years to live.
Whenever my hands got weary
I'd think of the woman at home,
An' somehow 't would make work easy
An' light, till nightd come.
I tell you that kiss of Marthy's
Was better than bags of gold,
There's riches some folks can't reckon
An' things that don't grow old.
I shouldn't 'ave been without it,
The man that I've got to be,
An' Marthy shall have the credit
For the help she's been to me.
—Eben E. Rexford, in *Yankee Blade*.

IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

It was a rainy evening, and Hattie Murray's well-worn blue merino gown was liberally besprinkled with bright drops as she came into Daphne Walters' room at the "Old Red House."
That was the name by which it went, although the red paint was long ago washed off its crumbling shingles.
It had been a hotel once in the old post-revolutionary days, when four horse stages went rumbly by, and cock-hatted travelers trotted past with saddle-bags strapped behind them.
It was now a cheap boarding house, kept by Mrs. Sandison, where most of the girls boarded who worked in Liscombe's Silk Mills, half a mile down the river.
Hattie Murray did not live there, because her father owned a dreary sheep farm on the flats beyond, and she helped with the housework morning and evening in lieu of her board, and she had run over in the rain for an evening chat with the girl who stood at the next loom to hers.
She was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl, like a French doll, with pretty teeth and a smirking way of showing them; and slender as were the wages she earned, she always contrived to be showily attired. She worshipped dress as a Parsee worships the sun.
Daphne Walters was quite a different sort of person—olive complexioned, with sombre, glittering eyes, and a dumpy nestling close to the corner of her lips.
She wore a brown serge gown, which Hattie was quite sure must have belonged to "Mrs. Noah," and in place of the cheap imitation jewelry which sparkled all over Hattie's trim person, her plain linen collar was fastened by a bow of narrow brown ribbon.
She looked up with a smile, and pointed to a wooden chair close to the table beside which she was working.
"Why, Hattie," said she, "you are all dripping with rain."
"Oh, it's nothing," cried Hattie, flinging off her hood and shawl. "What are you working at? That old thing?"
With a contemptuous upward tilt of her pretty little nose.
Daphne looked down at the garnet cashmere dress, which she was trimming with bows of fresh red ribbon, and smiled a little.
"It may be old," said she, "but it is the best I have got."
"You are not going to wear that to the husking dance?"
"It's that or nothing, Hattie," Daphne answered, composedly. "Do you suppose I can afford white silk toilettes or wine-colored plushes out of my ten dollars a week?"
Hattie's face clouded over.
"It's a shame that old Liscombe pays us such starvation wages," pouted she. "But that's just what I've come over to talk to you about, Daphne. I've been to New York to-day, in the cheap excursion steamboat."
"I noticed that you weren't at the room," said Daphne. "Kosa Buckner took it."
"Such a time as I have had!" cried Hattie. "And such a lot of new ideas as I've picked up! Put away that dowdy old cashmere, Daphne. You won't look twice at it when you hear what I've seen. I've been to the Holton Street Bazaar."
"Well, what of that?" calmly questioned Daphne.
"Have you never heard of it?"
"No."
Hattie lifted her hands and eyes in a protesting manner toward the ceiling.
"To think," said she, "that any one can be so ignorant of what is going on! Well, my dear, it's a place where you can buy—or hire, if you like that better—the prettiest, most stylish dresses you ever saw for a mere song."
"You must have been into the domains of the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Daphne, drily.
"It's a second-hand place," explained Hattie, "where fine ladies dispose of the things they have worn only a few times, and one can get superb bargains."
Daphne shrugged her shoulders.
"We should look fine, shouldn't we," said she, "in dresses that had been worn by fine ladies?"
"We could alter them over."
"No, thank you!" said composed Daphne. "I prefer the old garnet cashmere, with the knots of new ribbon."
"Oh, but," pleaded Hattie, "you don't know! There's the loveliest yellow moire-antique—perfect, only for a wine-stain on the front breadth, and that could be covered up by changing the draperies at the back. You are such a brunette, Daphne, you'd look superb in yellow! And it cost a hundred and

twenty dollars when it was new; and you can buy it now for thirty-five, paid in installments of five dollars a week."
"Why don't you say thirty-five hundred?" said Daphne. "I am as able to pay one price as another."
"Or you can hire it for one night, with boots and gloves to match, for ten dollars, and you to pay the expressage both ways," added Hattie.
Daphne shook her head resolutely.
"How should I look," said she, "in a poor factory girl—wearing yellow moire-antique? Did you ever read the fable of 'The Daw in Borrowed Feathers,' Hattie?"
"I've hired a dress to wear!" defiantly cried Hattie. "A beauty!"
"The more goose you!"
"Pale blue," said ecstatic Hattie, "trimmed with crystal fringe and loops of crystal cord. Rudolph Tuxford likes blue. I heard him say so once."
Daphne colored a little, but said nothing.
"And I supposed, of course, you would send for the yellow moire," went on Hattie. "There wouldn't a girl there be dressed like us?"
"No, I should think not!" said Daphne.
"Ten dollars isn't much for a party dress!" urged Hattie.
"But you owe the jeweler for that set of cameos yet," reminded Daphne. "And you haven't paid the last installment on that imitation sealskin jacket that you wore all last winter."
"There's no hurry about that," said Hattie, with a toss of her head. "No girl can expect to get settled in life if she has no enterprise at all."
Daphne was silent. She sewed busily on.
"You won't take the moire dress?"
"No."
"It would make you look like an Eastern Queen!"
"I would a great deal rather look like an American factory girl," said Daphne. "And no amount of persuasion could induce her to abandon this position."
Hattie went home, almost crying with vexation.
"And Madam Leroux was going to let me have the blue silk a dollar cheaper, if I got a customer for the yellow moire," pouted she. "Daphne is too mean for anything!"
"You are really going to this country husking ball, Rudolph?" cried Miss Tuxford, scornfully.
"I am really going, Adele!"
Miss Tuxford raised her pretty blonde eyebrows, as she stirred the chocolate in her decorated china cup.
"Is there any especial attraction?" she asked, archly.
"If you'll come with me, Del, I'll show you plenty of pretty girls," laughingly retorted Mrs. Tuxford.
"Am I to have a sister-in-law from the country?" asked Adele.
"I haven't quite made up my mind yet, Del," composedly answered her brother. "Upon the whole, however, I am rather inclined to fancy the idea of settling down in this quaint old red-brick house that Cousin Aris Tuxford has left me. The girls around here are charming and original, even if they haven't had boarding school educations—and, you see, they have not been brought up to expect seasons at Newport and summers at Bar Harbor."
"To me," said Adele, "the place is inexplicably dreary."
"You had better come with me to the husking ball," said Rudolph, laughing.
"There's a young millowner, that reminds me of Edgar Ravenswood, in a modern cut suit of clothes, and—"
"Nonsense!" said Adele.
But she made up her mind to go, all the same.
She was sitting, in a pretty, dignified way, with Harry Liscombe, the son of the silk millowner, and the original of the "Edgar Ravenswood" idea at the husking ball, when suddenly she lifted up her eyes from behind her jeweled fan.
"Who is that little creature in the blue dress, Mr. Liscombe?" said she. "And the incomprehensible satin boots that don't fit her? and the blue gloves that are not a match for her gown?"
Harry Liscombe looked aghast.
"Oh, said he, 'I see whom you mean! She is one of our mill-girls. Isn't she pretty?"
"Oh, she's pretty enough; but that dress!" Adele burst into a soft, well-modulated fit of laughter. "It's one of my old toilettes that I gave to my maid Lisette a month ago. And I suppose Lisette has sold it to one of those second-hand harpies that are always preying upon society, and this poor creature has by some chance stumbled upon it. Upon my word, this is too ridiculous!"
Old Mrs. Poets, who sat against the wall with her two stiff, elderly daughters, who never got any invitations to dance, heard it all.
She told Miss Maurice, who made a funny story of it to amuse the doctor's daughters, and in less than fifteen minutes it was through the ballroom like an electric current. People were looking, smiling, whispering.
"Come away, Hattie," whispered Dorcas, her elder sister. "Every one is laughing at your second-hand dress."
Hattie colored to the very roots of her frizzled yellow hair.
"My second-hand dress!" she faltered.
"And how do they know it is second-hand?"
"It used to be Miss Tuxford's," said Dorcas. "She gave it to her maid. Her maid sold it to your Madam Leroux and—Oh, do come away, Hattie! I feel so ashamed! See how people are staring!"
So ended Hattie Murray's evening of pleasure; and as she slipped like a guilty creature out of the room, she saw Daphne Walters' being led to the head of the second cotillion by Mr. Tuxford himself.
"In that old red gown, too!" she said to herself, as she burst into hysterical tears and sobs up in the dressing room.
That evening was the turning point of Daphne's destiny. Rudolph Tuxford's heart somehow became entangled under the dark meshes of her long eyelashes—in the loops of the garnet ribbon which brightened up her last year's cashmere dress—and the haughty Adele had "a mill-girl" for a sister-in-law after all. And a sister-in-law, too, of whom it was not necessary to be ashamed. For, as she admitted herself, Daphne had the dignity of a princess.
"She would be a true lady," acknowledged Adele, "whatever her station in life!"
But poor, pink-cheeked, faxen-haired Hattie! She stands still before her

loom, watching the whirling wheels, the revolving bands, but her restless little heart is ever chafing at her destiny.
"Daphne rolls by in her carriage," thought she, "while I— Oh, if it hadn't been for that hateful second-hand dress—for the mocking laughter of those fine ladies!"
But Hattie Murray was wrong. Daphne had conquered through her own noble nature, which spurred aught like deceit or false appearances. It was not Daphne that had conquered; it was Truth.—*Saturday Night*.

WISE WORDS.

Women teach us to expose.
Silence is the rest of mind.
The world itself is too small for the covetous.
Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.
Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.
Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.
What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.
Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.
The saddest thing under the sky is a fool incapable of sadness.
Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.
In youth, one has tears without grief, in old age, grief without tears.
The barren fig-tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore no fruit.
A man who is always forgetting his best intentions may be said to be a thoroughfare of good resolutions.
A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.
Others proclaim the infirmities of a great man with satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like in themselves.
Writing Famous Poems.
Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.
Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.
Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.
General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.
The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."
"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.
Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.
Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.
The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a barroom. A friend, with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.
"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.—*The Library*.
Forgery By Tracing.
Young Mr. Tinkler, of Cincinnati, made a fatal mistake when he forged his employer's name by tracing his signature over a piece of carbonated paper. An expert says: "If a man writes his signature, however trembling or even paralytic his hand may be, there is a definite continuity of the stroke. If one attempts to write with a pen over a traced signature there is a hesitation in the progress of the pen, which may not be observable to the naked eye, but is always to be detected under powerful magnifying. In the great Boston trial—the first occasion where forgery by tracing was brought to public attention—the traced signature was photographed upon a glass plate and then, by means of a camera, thrown in greatly magnified proportions upon a screen for the benefit of the jury. Thus the erratic, rail fence progress of the pen work was clearly exposed. Tinkler's forgery was detected in this way after he had secured several thousand dollars. The forger went to London and played the fool. He lodged at a first class hotel and patronized a fashionable tailor. The detectives found him and brought him back. His case is hopeless.—*Atlanta Constitution*.
Plants and Pianos.
A piano tuner who says that pianos frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry, prescribes this remedy: "Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there's something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you'll have to put in the flower pot in the room where your plant is than in any other room. Some people keep a huge vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened just as a cigar dealer keeps his stock. They keep it up all the time the fires are on."

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Velvet bodices are again popular.
Capotes of velvet or felt are larger.
The Queen of Portugal has red hair.
Rhine-stone buckles are worn on slippers.
Rosettes made of ribbon are much used.
Mrs. Parloa has written another cook book.
The latest thing in furs is snowbirds on muffs.
Leopards up have almost disappeared in dresses.
Velvet and fawn color is an effective combination.
Many of the newest sash ribbons are half a yard wide.
New Orleans has the only woman's club in the South.
Donkey parties are still in favor in many social circles.
There are 2,000,000 more women in England than men.
Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's favorite jewels are sapphires.
Miss Kate Field's new lecture is on the "Gospel of the Rape."
The latest thing in church entertainments is a "buttery tea."
White and dull red are the preferred colors for evening cloaks.
Yellow and white is a color combination in high favor just now.
Mrs. James Brown Potter, the actress wears neither stays nor bustle.
The Duchess of Westminster has taken to chrysanthemum cultivation.
White is the regulation evening dress this season for very young girls.
A bustle factory in Bridgeport, Conn., has shut down for lack of business.
There are 3000 women employed in the Government departments in Washington.
Some of the newest passementeries are relieved by intermixed beads of cut coral.
Nearly 1,000,000 women voted at the last election in England, Scotland and Wales.
There are now about forty ordained women ministers in the Universalist Church.
Fur, passementerie and fringes are the trimmings of the season for out-of-door garments.
Ladies in waiting to the Queen of Italy are declared to be the most beautiful in all Europe.
Open-faced watches are now more popular with the ladies than the closed hunting case.
Some short jackets will make their appearance a little later, made entirely of astrakhan.
Feather brims with soft crowns of velvet compose some of the capotes for evening wear.
The newest underwear is shown in silk-like qualities of Nainsook and French linen.
Turned down collars and deep cuffs of Venetian guipure lace are in style for evening wear.
Pure white gowns of cashmere and Sicilienne are popular for debutantes at an afternoon tea.
The hair may be worn either high or low this winter, and there are various ways of dressing it.
Some of the most elegant new dresses are made in long, straight redingotes over skirts of faille.
The Women's Industrial Exchange of Leadville, Col., paid over \$1700 to needy women during last year.
Evening toilets are made up in white, green, and rose. In some dresses all these colors are worn together.
Some of the sleeves of the present season are half open in the old style, with rich, flowing sleeves of lace inside.
Ladies who find the style becoming now wear their dresses rather low at the neck, with turned-down linen collars.
Silk marabout, a mossy silk trimming, is used to border the edges of the reception dresses for wear later in the season.
The skirts of street dresses are worn very long this season, especially by those who wish to add to their appearance of height.
Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, dresses her hair à la Clytie, but favors the Empress Josephine in the cut of her gowns.
The charitable and religious organization of the King's Daughters, which started only a year or so ago, now numbers over 50,000.
Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, an active member of Sorosis, carries her pretty head as if she were always about to say "prunes and prisms."
Miss Ellen M. Sprague has been employed for twenty-three years, by a Chicago publishing firm as cashier, book-keeper and confidential clerk.
Sarah Bernhardt, the French tragedienne, says there is only one person on earth to whom she has ever bent the knee. That is her dressmaker.
Out of fifty-two New York ladies vaccinated by one physician only thirty-four, fainting away at the prick of the lancet, and the doctor calls that wonderful.
It is the custom in Philadelphia to send young ladies to dancing school up to seventeen or eighteen years of age and then turn them loose on society to learn how to talk.
Mrs. Rood, a Chicago woman, has taken out a number of patents for building furniture into the walls of flats; she utilizes the space within the walls to a great extent.
Patti, the cantatrice, told an interviewer recently that she passes twelve hours out of twenty-four in bed, and that "plenty of sleep" was the secret of her beauty.
The pronunciation match promises to be one of the diversions of the winter. It is even more exciting than the spelling match, and rather more destructive to the lines of combatants.
Miss Davenport, the Irish lady who has been appointed governess to the King of Spain, will at the end of five years be entitled to her regular salary, \$2500, as a perpetual pension.
A new christening cloak made in cashmere is embroidered all over with tiny floral sprays and edged with a lace hinged by the coquille ruche. It is lined and wadded entirely with wool.

HE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Go to the Dude—He Paid the Bill.
—Prompt Payment—A Candid Waiter, Etc., Etc.

Osilly dude, where are the charms that the girls seem to see in your face? For nothing but bones are fair to show. And your form is a deep-seated disgrace. Your clothes and ridiculous gait. Furnish subjects for comments each day. But when we would mention your brain, Why, then there is nothing to say.
—New York Journal.

He Paid the Bill.
Smith—"I saw you walking with your wife this morning, Brown. She looked as radiantly happy as anybody I ever saw, while you seemed too blue and disconsolate for anything."
Brown—"Yes, my wife insisted upon a new sealskin sacque, and I had to buy it for her."

Prompt Payment.
Cashier (stopping Mr. Dumley)—"By the way, Dumley, I see that your bank account is overdrawn to the tune of a hundred and fifty dollars."
Dumley—"All right, my boy, if you send a boy down to my office with a statement of the whole business, I'll give you a check for the whole amount."
—Harper's Bazar.

A Candid Waiter.
At the restaurant:
"Garçon!"
"Monsieur?"
"I see on the wine list 'Bordeaux, at one franc twenty-five centimes.'"
"Yes, monsieur."
"And 'ordeaux' at nine francs." What is the difference?"
"Monsieur has only to make the subtraction."

She Took It.
"Yes, madam, it is rather costly. You see, it was made for the Duchess of Tweedledum by special order, and it was so small she could never get it around her wrist. We have had it for three years, and have never found any one except you who could wear it."
"Did you say it was \$500?" Well, I guess I will take it."
—Jeweler's Weekly.

The Better Cure.
Mrs. Bascom—"John, I wish you would ask the doctor to stop in and see me to-day. My throat is so sore I can hardly talk."
Mr. Bascom—"Er-um my dear, I don't think we ought to go to the expense of a doctor for a slight ailment like that. If you don't mind, I will try and furnish the conversation for a few days."
—Barre's Free Press.

Miss Harabab's Consolation.
"I never felt so utterly wretched before in my life," said young Myrickle, who had been rejected by Miss Pellipson. "I don't believe I am of any value at all in this world."
"Oh, you shouldn't talk that way," said Miss Harabab, his hearer; "you know you have value. Only the other day I read of a thoroughbred calf which brought \$2500."
—Terra Haute Express.

Masculine Cruelty.
Young Wife—"What have you been doing to amuse yourself this afternoon, dear?"
Young Husband—"I went down to the range to try my new rifle. I hit the bull's eye five times out of seven."
Young Wife—"Oh, you heartless man! I suppose the poor cow is blind! That is a most as cruel sport as shooting those poor little clay pigeons."
—Laurie's Free Press.

Lessons in Civility.
Mrs. Muggins (reading)—"Women teach us repose, civility and dignity."
Mr. Muggins (under his breath)—"Except when they get mad."
Mrs. Muggins (overhearing)—"Oh, you brute—you mean, low down, peevish brute! How dare you interrupt my reading by such vile remarks? Oh, you—you—where's that broomstick! Take that, and that, you old baldheaded parody on humanity!"
—Philadelphia Record.

Business Versus Love.
"I confess, George," said the girl shyly, after the proposal, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you, that is—er—in fact, I love you as only few women can love, but I cannot commit myself to an engagement just at present."
"Oh, why, darling," he implored, "why?"
"I must hold off until the papers are made out. I am a lawyer's daughter, George, and I respect and honor that noble profession."
—New York Sun.

Behind His Back and To His Face.
Mrs. Belgrade—"See that young Mr. Puntley in the opposite box, girls. Trying to ape the manners of good society."
Miss Belgrade—"He does look like a monkey, with that pair of opera glasses, doesn't he?"
(A few minutes later, as the subject comes into their box.)

Both Together—"My dear Mr. Puntley, we were just saying how agile and nimble your course at the Athletic Club has made you appear."
—Time.

Complimentary to the Author.
"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, as he entered the family room, "I have brought Mr. Vellick, the author of the famous new book, 'Random Reflections,' with me to tea. He is in the parlor. I have been telling him how much we admire the work, and he seems greatly pleased."
"For goodness sake, Mr. Chugwater!" exclaimed the wife, "take him into some other room while I cut the leaves of that copy of 'Random Reflections' that's on the parlor table!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Fire-side Reveries.
"What do you see in the fire, Weston?" asked the old man, tenderly.
"Nothing," said the boy, with a rhythmic cadence in his voice.
Then the little girl put her chubby hand on the old man's knee.
"I see something in the fire," murmured the child.
"What is it, Fannie?" and the old man looked fondly down into her pretty face.
"A stick of wood," she replied, smiling.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

THE WORLD'S MOST FORMIDABLE PORTRESS DESCRIBED.

The Rock and the Town Upon It—Defences of Gibraltar—A Four Years' Siege.

The Rev. Henry M. Field's work, "Gibraltar," contains the following vivid description of the fortifications of the strongest fortress in the world: "The Rock is nearly three miles long, with a breadth of half to three-quarters of a mile, so that the whole circuit is about seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for on the eastern side the cliff is so tremendous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow and look down to where the waves are dashing more than a thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north, or from the sea on the western side. As the latter lies along the bay, and is at the lowest level, it is the most exposed to attack. Here lies the town, which could easily be approached by an enemy if it were not for its artificial defenses. These consist mainly of what is called the Line-Wall, a tremendous mass of masonry two miles long, relieved here and there by projecting bastions, with guns turned right and left so as to sweep the face of the wall if an enemy were to attempt to carry it by storm. Indeed, the line defended is more than two miles long, if we follow it in its ins and outs; where the New Mole reaches out its long arm into the bay, with a line of guns on either side, followed by a re-entering curve round Rosia Bay, the little basin whose waters are so deep and still that it is a quiet haven for unloading ships, but where an enemy would find himself in the centre of a circle of fire under which nothing could live; and if we include the batteries still further southward, that are scattered beyond Europa Point, until the last gun is planted under the eastern cliff, which is itself a defense of nature that needs no help from man.

"Within the Line-Wall, immediately fronting the bay, are the casemates and barracks for the artillery regiments that are to serve the guns. The casemates are designed to be absolutely bomb-proof, the walls being of such thickness as to resist the impact of shot weighing hundreds of pounds, while the enormous arches overhead are made to withstand the weight and the explosion of the heaviest shells.

But these are not the whole of Gibraltar's defenses. There are batteries in the rear of the town as well as in front that can be fired over the tops of the houses, so that if an enemy were to effect a landing he would have to fight his way at every step. As one climbs the rock it fairly bristles with guns. Dr. Field says that he could not turn to the right or left without seeing these open-mouthed monsters and looking into their murderous throats. Everywhere it is nothing but guns, guns, guns, overhead and underfoot, pointing at you from every direction. The unique feature of Gibraltar is the rock galleries, which were begun more than one hundred years ago, during the great siege which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day or night. It is a two-mile walk through them, and an officer in charge is always willing to detail a gunner to conduct visitors through the galleries.

The writer calls attention to the fact that the majority of people always think of Gibraltar as a fortress and forget that it is anything else. But it is an old Spanish town, quaint and picturesque, with 20,000 inhabitants, in which the Spanish element gives a distinct flavor to the place. The mingling of the Spanish with the English is one of the most striking features of the very miscellaneous and picturesque population. As in most garrison towns, the military is first and foremost, and there are always five or six thousand troops in Gibraltar. It is perhaps the largest garrison in the British dominion. Almost every hour a company passes up the street, tramping to the monotonous music of the file and drum.

Besides the garrison and the English and Spanish residents of Gibraltar, the town has a floating population as motley in race and color as can be found in any city on the Mediterranean. It is a great resort of political refugees who seek protection under the English flag. As it is so close to Spain, it is the first refuge of Spanish conspirators, who, failing in their attempts at revolution, flee across the lines. Of the society in Gibraltar Dr. Field says it would be a mistake to suppose that the population of Gibraltar is confined to men. The home instincts, he remarks, are strong in English breasts, and wherever they go they carry their household gods with them. It is this feature of garrison life, its union of fair women and brave men, which gives such a charm to the society of Gibraltar.

"Although Gibraltar is the greatest fortress in the world, if it were only that, it would not have half the interest which it now has. The supreme interest of the Rock is in the record of centuries which is graven on its rugged front. For nearly eight hundred years it was the prize of war between the Spaniard and the Moor, and its legends are all of battle and of blood. Ten times it was besieged, and passed back and forth from conqueror to conqueror, the Cross replacing the Crescent, and the Crescent the Cross. Ten times was the battle lost and won. When at last, in 1578, the Spaniards drove the Moors out of Spain, they remained masters of Gibraltar, and held it with undisputed sway for a little more than a hundred years. They might have held it still but for a surprise, hardly worthy to be called a siege, for the place was taken by a coup de main that is one of the strangest incidents of history. It was the war of the Spanish succession, waged by half Europe to determine which of two incompetents should occupy the throne of Spain. The English sent a squadron into the Mediterranean under Sir George Rooke, who, after cruising about and accomplishing little, bethought himself, in order not to return in complete failure, to try his hand on Gibraltar. The place was well fortified, with a hundred guns, but inside the walls only a hundred and fifty men (a man and a half to a gun), so that it could offer but a brief resistance to a bombardment, and thus the Spaniards lost in three days what they spent more than three years to recover, and all in vain.

The history of Gibraltar which has made it famous for all time. This was the great four years' siege, when the Spaniards and French undertook by starvation and tireless bombardment to capture the fortress from England. There were about seven thousand men on the Rock under General George Augustus Eliott, who was as brave a soldier and as skillful an officer as Great Britain had in her service. Each works of tremendous magnitude were thrown up on the Spanish coast and an enormous fleet of Spanish men-of-war cruised near the Rock to cut off all supplies, for it was determined to starve the garrison. The horrors of the situation in the fortress can scarcely be pictured. Many officers and soldiers had families to support out of the pittance received from the victualing office. A soldier and his wife and three children would inevitably have been starved to death had not the generous contribution of his corps relieved his family. One woman actually died through want, and many were so emaciated that it was not without great attention they recovered. Thistles, dandelions and wild weeds were for some time the daily nourishment of numbers. Meat or provisions of any kind brought fabulous prices.

The ordinary means of sustenance were almost exhausted and roots and weeds, with thistles and wild onions, were greedily sought after and devoured by the famished inhabitants. Bread was becoming so scarce that the daily rations were served out under protection of a guard, and the weak, the aged and the infirm, who could not struggle against the hungry, impetuous crowd that thronged the doors of the bakeries, often returned to their homes robbed of their share.

At last, after a year of misery, the English fleet sailed into the bay and landed provisions, but soon left, and it was not long before the brave little garrison was on starvation rations again. But after the lapse of another twelve months the British fleet once more came to its aid, but only saved the garrison from starvation to plunge it into the horrors of a bombardment. For the besiegers had determined that the Rock should be captured at the cannon's mouth.

Enormous batteries, mounting 170 guns and 80 mortars, had been planted along the shore, and now (before the English ships could be unladen of their stores) was opened all around the bay a feu d'enfer, which was kept up for six weeks. Only two hours out of the twenty-four was there any cessation, and that for a singular reason. National customs must rule in war as in peace. The Spaniards began their fire at daybreak and continued it without intermission till noon. Then suddenly it ceased and the camp of the besiegers relapsed into silence, for that the officers, if not the men, were asleep. What Spanish gentleman, the writer remarks, could be deprived of his siesta? At 2 o'clock precisely they woke up and went to fighting again. At nightfall the cannon ceased, but the mortars (which did not need to be aimed with precision, and, therefore, could be fired in darkness as well as in daylight) opened their larger throats, and kept up the roar till daybreak. Thus, excepting only the time of the siesta, there was not an hour of day or night that the Rock did not echo with tremendous reverberations. The town was soon set on fire and completely destroyed. There was no safety anywhere, not even in the casemates. If a bombproof withstood a falling shell, it would sometimes explode at the open door, wounding those within. Men were killed sleeping in their beds. The scene at night was more terrible than by day, as the shells were more clearly seen in their deadly track.

But in the midst of all the horrors of the situation General Eliott was calm, and by his wonderful personality kept courage in the breasts of his men. He even went so far as to make a daring midnight sortie upon the enemies' works and, catching them by surprise, burned in a few hours what represented millions of money and the labors of months.

And now it was that the besiegers decided upon a bold plan of attack which it was calculated would capture the Rock in short order. A fleet of especially constructed vessels was equipped at much pains and expense and anored within half a mile of the garrison. As soon as the steady rain of solid shot should break an opening in the wall a corps of French grenadiers would scale the fortifications and drive the garrison into the sea. The decisive day had come, and from sunrise until well past night half the guns of the fleet poured a terrific fire into the fortress, while the cannon on the Rock rained a ceaseless shower upon the fleet. At last the red-hot shot from Eliott's guns set the French Admiral's flagship on fire, and soon half a dozen vessels were blazing fiercely. Panic seized the fleet and the sailors leaped into the sea. At this moment the brave English soldiers who had stood at their guns all day put off from the Rock in rowboats, and at the peril of their lives from the exploding ships, picked up their terrified and drowning enemies. That day demonstrated the impossibility of capturing Gibraltar while Eliott was in charge of the garrison, and it was not long before England, France and Spain signed a treaty of peace and the great gates of the fortress once more swung open for the first time in those terrible four years.

Explosiveness of Petroleum.

Since the recent explosion of a petroleum vessel in Calais (France) harbor, experiments have been made to determine what proportion of petroleum vapors mixed with a given amount of air will form explosive compounds. In mixing ordinary illuminating gas with air it is found that one part of gas to eight of air gives the most violent explosion, and with the vapor of the volatile portions of petroleum nearly the same observation is made. With one part petroleum vapor to five of air no explosion takes place. With six parts of air there is a feeble explosion, and with from seven to nine parts a very violent one. With twelve parts of air the detonation is still violent, but with a sixteen parts it becomes feeble, and with one part vapor to twenty of air there is ordinarily no explosion.

The Siamese have a regard for odd numbers, and insist upon having an odd number of doors, windows and rooms in their houses, and that all staircases must have an odd number of steps.

FROM RANCH TO TABLE.

THE TRANSPORTATION, SALE AND SLAUGHTER OF CATTLE.

Carrying Live Stock in "Stable" Cars—Methods of Killing—Distribution of the Dressed Beef.

It was formerly the custom to ship all grades of cattle in the old square boxes called cattle cars, into which the animals were crowded without any regard to bruise, breakage, or death. This system has been changed to one of shipment in "space" and "stable" cars, and now all the best grades of cattle are brought from the great Western ranches to Chicago in this manner.

These stable cars are 16 feet long and 8 feet 6 inches wide on the inside, with portable partitions, dividing the cars into three compartments. Each car is furnished with hay racks and water troughs. There is no crowding, and the car usually contains from 15 to 25 steers. On being unloaded, the cattle are handled with the utmost care and are driven to the pens in the division yards, where the commission merchant orders them to be watered and fed and places them on sale under the most advantageous conditions. Each of the great dressed-beef firms of Chicago employs a number of buyers, on each of whom there is invariably a weigher in attendance. After being purchased, the cattle are weighed and then driven to the viaduct or slaughter house. Under the authority of the Chicago Health Department, the inspection at the stock yards is very rigid. The Illinois Humane Society also has an officer stationed in the stock yards, who takes every precaution to prevent cruelty to the animals.

When the cattle are brought into the slaughter house they are treated to a cold-water bath by means of a hose. This has been found to be a very effective means of reducing the temperature of the animals and getting them in the best possible condition for killing. In rotation and by sure stages, through a long line of pens, the cattle approach the fatal killing pen, where they are rapidly dispatched by a man who handles the rule with the unerring aim of an Indian scout, or the spear with the dexterity of a Cossack lancer. After being killed, each steer is hoisted from the killing pen to the "skinning bed," where he is bled, the head being severed from the body and the carcass hoisted by the hind legs to iron runs or rails overhead. Then it is allowed to hang for 10 or 15 minutes, so as to give the blood every chance to drain from the body. Coagulation in the veins, which was so common under the old system of bleeding, is thus avoided. After the bleeding, the carcass is lowered to the floor, the engails are removed, the bullock is "skinned," and then the body is once more hoisted to the runs. Here the skin is dropped and the flesh inside and out is carefully wiped down with a clean cloth. The next step is to cleave the carcass in twain and to run it into the cooling room, where it remains from 36 to 48 hours in heavy and 24 hours if light.

The cooling rooms, devoted to the exclusive use of shipping beef, are four in number. Each measures 120 feet square, and has a capacity of 900 carcasses, or a total of 3600 for the four rooms. The temperature of the cooling rooms and the refrigerator cars is kept as nearly equal as possible at from -6 degrees to -8 degrees, and by this uniform temperature the best results are attained. Between the cooling rooms and the platform where the refrigerator cars are drawn up is a shipping room. The beef that is ready for shipping is run out into this apartment, where it is weighed, quartered and inspected. The inspection is very rigid, and nothing blemished is permitted to go out.

The refrigerator car is 29 feet long and 8 feet 2 inches wide on the inside. It is 7 feet 2 inches from the floor to the cross beams on which the hooks are fastened, and 1 foot 2 inches from the cross beams to the roof. This latter space admits an uninterrupted current of air. The car is supplied with galvanized iron tanks at each end, and they are filled with a mixture of pounded ice and coarse salt. This produces a temperature of from 36 degrees to 38 degrees in the closed car. The chilling influence of the tanks forces a circulation and rarifies the air. When loaded, the refrigerator car contains from thirty to thirty-three carcasses, averaging about 600 pounds. All the hind quarters are hung in one end of the car, and the fore-quarters in the other. The cars are iced the day before shipping, are re-iced just before loading, and are iced again every twenty-four hours at regular stations on the journey East. Experiments have proved that in this way beef can be kept sweet for two or three weeks and will taste quite as well at the expiration of that time as meat killed and eaten within two or three days. When the cars return empty they are side-tracked at the packing house and there undergo a scrubbing and cleaning with boiling water, the hooks are washed and polished, and the car is allowed to stand twenty-four hours with open doors before it is again loaded for the Eastern market.

The distribution of the dressed beef throughout the East is by agencies or depots at numerous points and including all the large cities. These depots are constructed and run on principles duplicated from the Chicago establishment. The beef is sold and distributed throughout the surrounding country until every town or village that is accessible in the district is supplied. The business is already enormous and is still increasing.

There are ninety-one fully-organized commission firms doing business at the Chicago Union Stock Yards, in the receiving, handling, and selling of live stock.

Drink Made From the Kava-Root.

The kava-root of the Society and South Sea Islands is the basis of the intoxicating drink of those regions. Women and girls are employed to chew the root, and when well masticated and mixed with saliva, it is ejected into bowls, mixed with Coca-Cola, and left to ferment. Both natives and whites of the lower classes are very fond of it. The natives use it as some among us use wine, under the idea that it will help them along in important undertakings.

Arkansas has 1,800,000 acres of prairie lands.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Writing was puzzling to savages. Indiana was included in Ohio in 1801. Locks were early used by the Egyptians.

Morisco, a Cossack Chief, discovered Kautskia in 1850.

Pu Cange mentioned locks and padlocks as early as 1381.

In Russia, eating and drinking take up no small part of a man's existence.

The people of the United States use about 100,000,000 lead pencils every year.

Lock & Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky.

Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of corymbes in charge of an English church.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on the card.

The number three was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end.

The number nine, besides being regarded as a lucky one, is possessed of mysterious properties, intensified from its being the product of three times three.

Insurance companies figure on about 80 many grist mills and planing mills being destroyed by fire each year, and last year they hit the number just exactly.

Every French bank has a photograph of every employe, and in the case of the more responsible ones they are under the surveillance of private detectives most of the time.

From recent archaeological discoveries it appears that the Romans, at the height of their civilization and splendor, had no system of street lighting. No trace of anything of the kind has been discovered.

An engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence, attested to be correct on August 2, 1846, by Charles Carroll, of Maryland, one of the signers, has been found behind the shelves in the New York City Hall library.

It took James Bailey, an Iowa man, over eighty-three days to get the last of the hair of him after receiving a coat of tax and feathers. It was rubbed in for having married his second wife two days after the death of the first.

Two reputable doctors of Trenton, N. J., have made an examination of William King, the physical monstrosity confined in the county jail there, and were surprised to find that the reports of the man's condition were about correct. King is said to have two hearts, and ribs that move up and down.

The largest and most fruitful gourd vine yet on record is reported as having been grown by Frank Burton on Sheriff Ed Maxwell's place, a few miles from Oglethorpe, Ga. From it has been gathered 136 water gourds, with handles averaging eighteen inches, and besides these were fifteen or twenty gourds broken before they were ripe.

A landslide occurred on Cumberland Mountain, near Bend's Hill, W. Va., which materially changed the appearance of the locality. Between twenty-five and thirty acres of land, heavily timbered, slid from the side of the mountain so as to lie across the valley at the bottom. A dam was forced and a lake from ten to twenty-five deep and half a mile long resulted.

Among the curiosities in the rooms of the Delaware Historical Society in Wilmington is a piece of the first piece of calico manufactured in this country. About one hundred years ago Archibald Hamilton Rowen, an Irish refugee, settled on the banks of the Brandywine and started a little mill, where he made calicoes. When the troubles of Ireland became quieted he returned to his native country and lived quietly on his estate.

Dissecting an Elephant.

The carcass of Big Chief, Adam Forepaugh's elephant that had recently to be killed, will be dissected at the University of Pennsylvania. It will take three months to cut the car ass up, and it will be fully two years before a report of the observations will be made by the staff of surgeons who are to conduct the operations.

A gang of workmen were busily engaged after the execution in getting the body from the street in front of Biological hall to the rear of the macerating building, and, although the distance is but 150 feet, it was long after dark when it was landed upon a floor of planks which had been laid for its reception.

Carpenters then began to build a large frame about the carcass, and when this was completed tackle was suspended from a big cross bar and the body raised into the air, hanging from ropes and a sling. It was necessary to do this in order that the process of embalming might be carried on successfully. When the dead elephant was raised in the air a shed was built over it.

A number of barrels of embalming fluid were poured into the carcass. The heat of the flesh was so intense that large quantities of the fluid were absorbed, and in order to prevent the flesh from mortifying it was necessary to thoroughly saturate it.

The dissection of this portion of the anatomy will be most interesting, as there exists an idea that the brute was insane, or afflicted with what is known in India as "hust," the symptoms of which are irascibility of temper and extreme viciousness.

The Costliest of Watches.

There is on exhibition just now in a diamond broker's window, in St. Louis, perhaps the costliest time piece ever made in this country. The watch is nine ounces in weight, of a golden karat gold, and contains six thousand white stones, the largest of which, valued at \$250, is in the stem. The total weight of the diamonds is fifty karats, and the intrinsic value of the watch is \$3500. It is a one-fifth second fly-back chronograph, with minute register, the movement alone costing \$140. The watch was made for Dr. Lighthall, better known as "Diamond Dick," once a famous street doctor, who made his thousands as a fakir and who died some time ago in Texas. The St. Louis diamond broker, who now owns the time piece, bought it for the brilliant diamonds it contains.

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Naming the President.

On Tuesday the Electoral Colleges of the several states met at the state capitals, and recorded, officially and in due form, the will of the people in the matter of President and vice-president, expressed at the polls last November. Ex-Gov. Robinson acted as president of the Massachusetts electors, while Hon. Henry J. Wells, of Cambridge, filled the part of secretary. Gov. Robinson made a neat speech in closing the session and in instructing the official messenger, comrade Joseph W. Hill, of Charlestown, who will convey the official papers to Washington. Of all the competitors for this honor, comrade Hill was the most worthy. He enlisted as private in the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers in March, 1865, under Colonel, afterwards General, Barker, and was with his regiment in the battle of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, North Anna River, Fort Steadman, and the explosion of the mine before Petersburg, and was one of only forty out of 1000 who answered the first roll-call. He was present at the surrender of Lee, and was mustered out of service at Washington. For many years he has been an active member of Post 11, G. A. R., of Charlestown. He is about 51 years of age, has been President of the Charlestown Common Council and a member of the Legislature.

Senator Hoar his own Successor.

It has been some years since any candidate for a prominent office in this state has been named with the unanimity characterizing the action of the Republican members of the Legislature in caucus assembled to select a candidate for U. S. Senate, in place of Hon. George F. Hoar, whose term expires with the present Congress. If any opposition to his being his own successor existed, it has failed to materialize in any of the prominent papers of the party, and the action of the caucus was in every respect unanimous, the formality of the ballot being dispensed with and Mr. Hoar nominated by acclamation.

In the Legislature, on Tuesday, the action of the caucus was endorsed, Senator Hoar receiving 32 votes to 6 for Gen. Collins in the Senate, 171 in the House to 56 cast for his Democratic competitor.

Senator Hoar, prior to his election to this his third term in the higher branch of Congress, had served six terms in the House of Representatives, so that the 4th of March he will have completed twenty-four years of public life in Washington. His course during the past four years has tended to smooth certain antagonisms which are liable to confront public men, and to-day holds a stronger place in the respect of his state than ever before.

Investigation Needed.

The reports of visits to licensed drinking places in Boston, lately published in the Evening Record, are full of matter for thought and investigation by the representatives from all over the state now daily gathered under the "gilded dome" on Beacon Hill. The internal evidence of exact truthfulness on the part of the reporters whose labors have been published from day to day, must convince the most skeptical that a screw is loose somewhere, and that illegal acts, the proofs of which are thus easily obtainable, must be winked at by those entrusted with the enforcement of the law and condoned or passed unnoticed for some good or bad motive.

The question naturally follows, who are the powers entrusted with the control of affairs in Boston? The answer is, The Board of Police Commissioners, a power created by the Legislature, the members of which are appointed by the Governor, whose past record as a reliable and earnest temperance man and whose recent utterances upon this important matter, give us every reason to suppose that men chosen by him would be loyal to the temperance interests they were set to guard. That they have been and still are unfaithful in this regard is patent to the most casual observer, and it seems to us high time that a thorough investigation of the office and records of the Boston Police Commissioners should be made by a committee of the Legislature as quickly as may be, if possible before the time is definitely fixed for submitting the constitutional prohibition amendment to the people for final decision.

One of the genuine surprises of the late presidential election was the vote in Delaware, where a Republican majority in the State Legislature was secured. On Tuesday Hon. Anthony Higgins was chosen U. S. Senator for the term of six years. Delaware has so long been the

pocket borough of the Saulsburies and Bayards, and Delaware Republicans have been so rigidly excluded from participation in public affairs, that the appearance of the new Senator in Washington will be watched with a good deal of interest. Mr. Higgins, who received his education at Yale College, is characterized as an able lawyer, and his services in years past as United States District Attorney and Chairman of the Republican State Committee have given him a considerable acquaintance with public life. He was one of the founders of the Republican party in Delaware, and has stood by the party all these years in the face of the ostracism which the Bayards and Saulsburies have visited on their political opponents—a fact which attests the thorough-going quality of his Republicanism.

CURRENT TOPICS.

••• The letter from Henry M. Stanley received at Brussels is a welcome confirmation of the recent reports of the gallant explorer's safety—a confirmation which is the more welcome because the reports were more or less conflicting in their details and left one a little uncertain what to believe.

••• There is nothing small about New York, and the criticisms which have been made by evil-minded persons concerning her inactivity in the matter of the Grant monument is entirely uncalled for. She is about to select a design for the monument. All she asks of the rest of the country is that it perform the trifling part of raising the money to build the monument.

••• Not the least pleasant of many gatherings at Young's Hotel on Saturday, was the meeting of the Railroad and Steamboat Agents' Association. More than a hundred members were mustered by secretary H. G. Locke, and an excellent dinner was supplemented with a musical programme of his arranging, in which some very novel features were introduced.

••• Nothing succeeds like success. The New England Conservatory of Music, elsewhere mentioned in our columns, has long been registering every year more pupils by many hundreds than any other institution in America. It gives to each student without charge, besides what he pays for, more than a hundred and fifty choice recitals and concerts, and two hundred and fifty lectures, many of them illustrated by the stereopticon; also opportunity to hear free of charge many of the star performers of the day, and numerous other free advantages.

••• At a meeting of the Marblehead Relief Committee, held Tuesday evening, it was voted that, on receipt of the money now already subscribed, the fund for the relief of sufferers by the late fire be deemed sufficient for the purpose designed by the contributors. In giving this notice to the public the committee express the grateful thanks of the citizens of Marblehead to residents of the adjoining cities and towns and all others in various parts of the state and country for their sympathy and kindness and their generous contributions to provide the necessities of life for the needy and suffering.

••• The past year has developed an unusual demand for sailing vessels, of moderate tonnage, which is especially favorable to American builders. At Bath, for instance, twenty-four vessels with 10,035 total tonnage have been launched during 1888, and at important points in Maine an increasing business is reported, bringing the figures up to fifty-four vessels with 16,086 total tonnage. Nor has it happened, as many predicted might be the case, that the increase in freights has brought European ships to our ports to underbid our own for the foreign carrying trade; this rise has been so universal that in other countries the supply can hardly keep place with the demand.

••• "The Bank Tragedy" is the title of a serial story of great power, written by Mrs. Hatch, author of "The Upland Mystery," which was published in the Transcript two years ago, which has since then had a sale of about 100,000 copies in book form. The new serial is a detective story, the plot of which is constructed with remarkable skill. It will exercise the ingenuity of those who are experts in guessing the plots of half-read novels. The scene is laid in northern New Hampshire, but some of the tragic and romantic incidents of a recent famous bank case in Maine are worked into it. The story is being published in the Portland Transcript, beginning Jan. 2d. The publishers offer several premiums for the best guesses at the plot sent in by subscribers before Feb. 20th. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a year, 6 months' \$1.00.

(Correspondence.)

Arlington Girl's Letter to her Mates.

ON BOARD "VICTORIA," Dec. 19, 1888.

DEAR CLASS:—I am writing this on the steamer on which I have been ever since Dec. 1st. I miss you ever so much and the pleasant lessons we used to have every Sunday. I think of you often, especially on Sunday, and wonder what lesson you are having and how you all are.

I must now tell you about my travels. After leaving Arlington, we went by the Stonington line to New York. The boat which we went on was very handsome and comfortable inside, and we arrived early in the morning. We went around New York, seeing Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park and visiting other places of interest. We then took the train for Orange, N. J., to spend two or three very pleasant days with our cousin and his family. Saturday, Dec. 1st, we came on board this boat, and I have been here ever since.

The "Victoria" is a good stanch boat and has a very steady motion. It is very homelike and comfortable and our state-rooms are quite large and airy. In fact we are well provided for in every way. The passengers are very pleasant and I have become well acquainted with every one. There are, including our family only fourteen first class passengers on board now, many having left us at Gibraltar. There are 700 steerage passen-

gers and about every one of them are Italian. Amongst the passengers that left us at Gibraltar, was a Missionary, Rev. Mr. Buck, with his wife and four children. They were going to India, and were to take the steamer Asia for that place. Every Sunday while Mr. Buck was here we had church in the saloon. The first Sunday a great many of the passengers were too sick to go down to hear him, but the next Sunday morning he was favored with a full congregation. In the afternoon, Mrs. Buck asked us if we would like to have a little Sunday school class down stairs. We said, "Yes," so we were soon gathered in chairs around her. The class numbered five with the teacher, Edith and I made two and two of her own children, Melvin and Lois, aged 12 and 18, completed the number. The lesson was about Gideon, and I thought about my own class at home and the teacher and I wished that you were all here journeying with us.

Tuesday, Dec. 11th, we passed by Sao Miguel the largest island of the Azores. We kept out about a mile from the shore, but even at that distance we could see objects on the shore very plainly. At about ten o'clock in the morning, the captain called to me and pointed to what seemed like a little cloud on the horizon and told me it was land. At about our o'clock we began to see the shape of it distinctly and make out houses and windmills and various other things. The island was very mountainous, and as we approached nearer we could see the beautiful green hills neatly divided off into lots and bordered by green hedges. Every once in a while we could see a cluster of houses nestled among the hills, which was, I suppose, a village. Late in the afternoon the shores of the island faded away, but the memory of those beautiful hills I hope will never fade away.

The captain of the ship is very pleasant, and it is he who gets up all the games to amuse the passengers and shows us all about the ship. I wish I could give you some idea of the good terms on which all of our passengers are with Captain Jameson, also some idea of the pleasant voyage we have had on board the S. S. Victoria.

As I have already told you, part of the passengers left us at Gibraltar, which was our first stop after being over two weeks upon the ocean. You may believe we were glad to set foot on land after so many days on the ocean. We arrived at Gibraltar, Saturday evening. We anchored in the bay as there was no wharf for large vessels. Sunday morning we got ready to go ashore. A little tugboat came for us, and as many as were ready got in, our family among them and we steamed away until we arrived at the town of Gibraltar.

The great massive rock with the quaint little town at its base grew more and more distinct and we finally landed at a sort of wharf on which were standing a crowd of people. Some of them were anxious to proffer their services as guides and others asked us politely if we would like a carriage. Not heeding these people, we went through the gates (for Gibraltar is a walled town) and were soon walking on the principal street. The houses, many of them, had tiled roofs which were generally moss-grown and sometimes covered with grass and twining vines. They (the houses) were painted bright colors, such as light blue, pink and yellow. We saw many donkeys with panniers of vegetables or fruits on their backs and a man by their side giving occasional twists to their tails so as to quicken their speed.

We hired a carriage and drove up the main street and soon came to the Park. It was very beautiful there; the carriage road was bordered on each side by beautiful gardens with a great variety of flowers in them. There was a large number of tropical plants, intermingled with those that are familiar to our own towns. A species of cactus called aloes had a very brilliant red flower which was conspicuous in long hedges which bordered the Park. There were also geraniums and heliotrope in great profusion and sometimes we caught sight of orange trees, the ripe fruit set off by the glossy, dark green leaves. Every once in a while we saw squads of soldiers dressed in handsome uniforms and we were informed that there were about 6,000 of them then in Gibraltar.

We saw a great many cannon, some large, some small. In fact there are cannon everywhere, on every green hill, on every elevation overlooking the sea. (Some of them weigh one hundred tons.) Near the Park there are in reality fields of cannon balls packed one on top of the other and there is a storehouse where powder, etc., are kept.

The English have made their fortress almost impregnable. The guns and walls around the town defend it from attacks by sea, and the only road leading to it by land has been undermined and they can blow it up in half an hour. I forgot to tell you that there are 1888 guns now in the fortress, and as each passing year goes by they intend to add another.

We visited a little Spanish town outside of Gibraltar and then rode to Catalan Bay, a beautiful little Italian town situated on the sea-shore with the great gray rock of Gibraltar with the little trees and shrubs dotted thickly over its heights, rising behind, and the waves breaking on the sandy shore in front.

The industries of this little town are fishing and washing, as one might easily

tell by glancing at the long lines of clothes hung out to dry and the boats strewn along. The houses are very picturesque. There was a little arbor covered with twining vines and plants, under which was a long bench covered with pots of geraniums, and down on the floor carelessly laid against the green were two washing tubs. It was such a picture as one often sees sketched in the magazines and one never to be forgotten.

In one of the houses a woman stood in the doorway who we found could speak English. We soon found out that she was the sister-superior of a little school, which she invited us to come in and visit. There were two rooms in this school-house, one for the boys, the other for girls. The boys' room was quite good-sized. The benches and tables were filled with clothes that had just been dried and chickens ran on the floor. I suppose it was not that way every day. The girls' room was very neat and homelike. Sunday was not much observed in any place we visited that day. In the little town I have just been telling you about there was not a soul in the little church which we visited, while out in the open air the women were hanging out clothes and the sister-superior who showed us her school, had just been sewing. In the Spanish town all the shops were open and one often saw advertisements of a play which was to take place in a theater that afternoon.

After paying our driver only eight dollars for four carriages for four hours, we went to the Hotel for lunch. The carriages, by the way, held five persons each, comfortably. We were soon on our way to the tug-boat again, which bore us all too swiftly back to the steamer. We lay anchored till after nine o'clock and then moved slowly into the Mediterranean. Almost the last lights we saw were those of Catalan Bay, two little ones twinkling in the gloom.

It is quite warm on board ship all the time and it is hard to believe that snow is on the ground in Arlington; also, that it is so near Christmas. We arrive in Naples day after tomorrow, where, if nothing happens, I shall mail this letter.

I hope you will all write a few lines to me I shall be so much pleased to hear from you.

I wish you a "Happy Xmas" and a glad New Year and I want you to tell me all about those scrap books and everything that is going on in Arlington.

From your affec. friend,

GRACE E. TROWBRIDGE.

Peoples' Column.

This column is open to any and all who desire to address our readers.

MR. EDITOR:—A great deal of surprise is very naturally expressed over the contents of Dea. Mott's will. There is a practical way of testing the universal sympathy, and that is this: No one has a claim on the old Mott homestead; when that is sold at auction let no one bid against the price. Let her buy it in for the least possible sum the law will allow. Thus the letter of the will can be carried out, if not the spirit, and no harm done, remembering the widow and orphan in their affliction, and doing unto others as we would have them do to us.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue you kindly invited "suggestions." In the absence of any thing better I would like to suggest a word in regard to our post office. It is almost hazardous, particularly at the five o'clock mail, for one to enter there, and especially if they have imperative business, for instance an expected letter, to be answered by return mail. Long before the arrival of the mail the throng commences with the younger ones, this is soon increased by larger ones, and by the time the mail is ready for delivery one might as well be in a pandemonium. You wait until evening, then it becomes a sort of a trying place, and you feel almost intrusive if you enter, and one wishes for a penny-post or special delivery. You might naturally inquire why not offer your complaint to the Postmaster. Do you not know he suffers as much as any other else from the noise, and is he not utterly helpless? He is there to serve and is always faithful, courteous, and obliging and, I might well add, forbearing. Might I not suggest the possibility of home influence as having a tendency to lessen the crowd. Is there such an organization as a Law and Order League in town, or has it foundered into disuse?

POSTAL.

LEXINGTON, Jan. 15, 1889.
MR. EDITOR:—Having heard much unjust criticism of the decisions of Judge Keyes, of the Central Middlesex Court, by people who are not well informed in the matter, and as he has been roundly abused in the columns of your paper from time to time by officers who have had dealings with him, your correspondent would like to say a few words to those who are not acquainted with the justice. The writer has prosecuted over one thousand criminal cases, (having practiced before not less than fifty judges during a period of fourteen years), claims to know a little about judicial decisions in criminal cases. Judge Keyes, in the writer's opinion, is one of the best judges in the Commonwealth. He is a thoroughly good man; he can read character at a glance; he will not be bluffed—treating all with uniform fairness, and will have a full understanding of a matter before he decides. If it appears to him that a person is complained of for some other cause than that alleged in the complaint, such as that of malice, or a desire to obtain a fee or make a record, he will dispose of such a case without much ceremony. But when a complaint is made to him as a matter of duty on the part of the officer, he finds that the officer understands his business, he will in nearly every case decide according to the suggestions of the officer. The people of Lexington will make a mistake if they assist in having a court established at Arlington, for in that case a lawyer who has had criminal as well as civil practice would be appointed justice and having been trained to argue before judge and jury that the prosecuting officer is at fault in most cases, it would require several years to get the notion out of his head. Then there would be more business and more waiting about the court room.

Made Rich in Half an Hour.

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago and went to Breckenridge, Colo., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Keweenaw," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one, and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked deposit in that state. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous years' work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Roger brothers have been offered \$100,000 for the two mines, but want \$300,000. Within a week after this find 5,000 men were on the spot establishing claims, but the Rogers had secured many of the most desirable. The mine is on the east side of the mountain, and the snow necessitates keeping it roofed over.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious City.

Imagine a city with most of its streets narrow, muddy and crowded, where the seller of lottery tickets takes the place of the newsboy, where the pavers of the street, the conductors of the cars, the clerks in the stores, the policemen on their beats, the soldier with his musket, the barefooted men and women who peddle their wares and the very beggars at the doorways all smoke cigarettes or cigars. The street cars carry the coffin-dead to the cemetery, with the mourners in the cars that follow. Men, women and children, half naked and without shoes, bear the burdens that we put upon drays and wagons; water carriers peddle the limpid fluid from the aqueducts from house to house. Every other woman has a baby dandling contentedly from a sack upon her back. Imagine the picture and you get a glimpse of the street scenes that you look upon about the great plaza, facing the costly palace and the magnificent cathedral of the City of Mexico.—City of Mexico Cor. Albany Journal.

Deformity From Bright's Disease.

S. D. VanBurskirk, of Demarest, N. J., says Aug. 20, 1888: "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has cured our daughter of Bright's Disease, after all other means had failed. She was so swollen that she measured 45 inches around the waist, and 18 inches below the knee. To say that we feel thankful for such a boon as Favorite Remedy, is but a poor expression of the feelings of grateful parents."

The good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. Best Remedy for Coughs, COLDS & CONSUMPTION. Genuine. Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 13, Miss Helen E. Crosby, daughter of Adelaide C. and John S. Crosby, aged 32 years, 5 months, 15 days.
In Lexington, Jan. 12, John Fillebrown, aged 76 years, 5 months.
In Arlington, Jan. 14, Miss Nellie Sullivan, aged 25 years.
In Arlington, Jan. 16, Mrs. Eliza A. wife of Alfred Norton, aged 66 years, 2 months, 5 days.
In East Lexington, Jan. 11, William Keele, aged 61 years, 4 months.
In Lexington, Jan. 15, Sarah Kinnegan, wife of Timothy Kinnegan, aged 43 years.

Subscription renewals are now in order and will be gladly received.

TENEMENT TO RENT.—Five rooms and stable, on corner of Warren and Webster streets. Apply on premises or to
JAN 27
C. S. PARKER.

A. F. RUSSELL. F. A. RUSSELL.

A. F. RUSSELL & CO.,

COMMISSION DEALERS IN

Fruits, Produce,

and Vegetables,

8 Mercantile St., Mercantile Market.

TELEPHONE NO. 553.

All orders promptly attended to. 25 Potatoes and Apples for Family Trade a specialty.

DOG LOST.—Strayed or Stolen a white Bull Terrier, 4 years old, answers to the name of John, wore a collar thickly studded with brass and owners name thereon. The finder will confer a favor and be rewarded by addressing P. O. Box 116, Arlington, or P. O. Box 246, West Medford.
Jan. 17th.

NEW ENGLAND

CONSERVATORY

Furnishes Thorough Courses of Instruction in MUSIC IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS. LITERATURE, ELOCUTION, LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PHYSICAL CULTURE, ETC. Class and Private Lessons under Ablest Masters. Conservatory Home for Young Ladies is Unparalleled. Next Term begins Feb. 15th. Its Graduates and Certificated Students are qualified for all remunerative positions of honor and usefulness. Located in Boston the acknowledged Musical and Literary centre of America. Send for Illustrated Calendar.
E. FOULKE, Dir., Franklin Sq., Boston, Mass.
15 Jan 27

SEEK THE BEST!

DR. KARL WESSELHOEFF'S

GERMAN CATARRH

CURE.

DRIVES OUT CATARRH. This remedy has been used for years in Germany and this country, and is the prescription by which so many cases of Catarrh were cured by Dr. Wesselhoeff during his long term of practice. People who had suffered for years and tried all the other remedies without receiving any permanent good, have been cured by this great German Catarrh Cure. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Manufactured only by

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CHARLES GOTT,

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BLACKSMITH,

Arlington ave., opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

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HORSE SHOEING.

Has, already finished and in course of building

Heavy Market and Manure Wagons,

SLEIGHS, FUNGS, Etc.,

Real Estate matters will receive prompt and personal attention. —C. S. PARKER

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas shoe without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMER'S SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Concord, Boston and Lowell.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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MEDFORD ST. - - ARLINGTON.

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Ladies' Waists and Jackets a specialty.

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OFFICE:

R. W. Shattuck's Hardware Store, Arlington.

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Money to Loan on Mortgages.

Satisfactory references given.

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Carriage Repairing and New Work as ordered.

Special personal attention to shoeing difficult horses. All diagnoses of the feet attended to. Society

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Stock ever shown in Ar-

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Ladies fine Hand-sewed, Straight

Coat Walking Boots - - \$4.00.

Misses and Childrens Calf Fox School

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And every kind of Ladies' Shoes, and Children's the Market affords.

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From the Heaviest Kip Boots to the

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In Full Stock.

BOYS' SHOES,

ALL GRADES,

Rubber Goods of every de-

scription in the Market.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Ready-Made Clothing, Over Coats,

Reefers, Ulsters,

Men's Rubber Coat Leather Jack-

ets, Oil Cloth Suits, Choice Set

of fine, all Wool Flannels.

Large Stock of Gloves, Hats and Caps,

New Lot.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Everything for Men's and Boy's wear may be

found with us, and at the OLD CORNER STORE,

L. C. TYLER.

Agent for National Steam Laundry and Malden

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C. M. HALL,

PLEASANT ST. Arlington,

DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY

Groceries

Flour, Butter, Cheese,

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Mr. Fred Williams and family have moved to the centre.

—A goodly number from our village enjoyed the concert on Monday evening.

—Miss Hall, our former grammar school teacher, was here recently. She is still teaching at Watertown.

—When the electric cars reach Arlington, look out for the "sparks" at East Lexington.

—Rev. Mr. Thompson preached last Sabbath from Psalms 4: 6. "There will be many that say, Who will show us any good?"

—The Roundabout Club had a pleasant meeting at M. G. Worthen's last week. This week they meet at Mr. John Maynard's.

—Quite a delegation from here was present Tuesday evening at the installation of officers of the George G. Meade Post 119, and the officers of the Woman's Relief Corps.

—The statements given by "B" in last week's paper in reference to the working of corporations which had charge of libraries in Bedford, Dedham and Newton, deserves a careful consideration and the note of warning should be weighed thoughtfully by our people.

—A fruitful topic for conversation has been the weather this winter. Take a walk in the woods and you will realize more fully the strangeness of the situation. Winter is here in name but not in spirit. Some of the farmers are ploughing and hoeing. The ice-man and hotel-keepers say "It is the winter of their discontent."

—Our pastor will speak at the Unitarian church, at the centre, next Sunday evening, at the circuit meeting. Such neighborly gatherings are productive of good, and it is hoped members of our society will be present.

—One of the pleasantest dancing parties of the season occurred last week Tuesday evening, at Village Hall, made up principally of members of St. Bridget's church from the centre. Rev. Mr. Kavanaugh and Donavan were present and watched the young people whirl through the mazy dance.

—Mr. Joshua F. Elder, (we see by one of the Boston papers) has been appointed auditor and treasurer of the Keokuk & Western Railroad of Iowa, and Mr. Fabian Edwin Elder, the eldest son of Rev. Mr. Edwin Elder, former pastor of the Follen church, is established as a lawyer in Nashua, N. H.

—No official report of the clam supper Monday evening given by the members of the fire company has reached us, but we hope that the claims were enjoyed and also the speech-making. There was a general good time and they hope for more in the future.

—One of our Lexington ministers recently preached at Nashua, N. H., in the morning and in the afternoon and went to a church of another faith as a hearer of the word. In the vestibule of the church his attention was attracted by a large mat and in it was woven the word "use." Now would it be wise for all our churches to adopt this quiet reminder—certainly they would be more cleanly and carpets would last far longer.

—The entertainment to be given by the young people next week, on Friday evening, Jan. 25, at Village Hall, will commence at eight o'clock. Doors open at 7.30; admission, twenty-five cents; object, most excellent—to throw more light in the church. They have spared no expense or pains to procure the aid of the Pease sisters (ten of them) from Alaska. The mildness of the winter has enabled them to travel from their far-away home and fill engagements here. There will be the farce, "Class Day at Harvard." The music will be a pleasing feature of the evening. Our people and others should not fail to lend their ears and give their money for this good cause.

—Died, in East Lexington, Friday morning, Jan. 11, Mr. William Keefe, of heart disease, after a few months' illness, aged 61 years, 4 months. Mr. Keefe was the son of William and Joanna Keefe and was born in Ireland. He was married Jan. 10th, 1855, to Mary Canfield of Boston. He resided four years in Concord, two in Arlington and came to Lexington thirty-two years ago, where all his family were born. He was always a farmer. His funeral occurred on Sunday, Jan. 13, and a very large and imposing procession, we think the largest we ever saw in Lexington, followed the remains to the Catholic church, where prayer was offered and then the cortege went to Arlington where he was buried. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. High Mass was observed at the Catholic church, Friday, at 9 o'clock. Having known Mr. Keefe these many years, we feel that we echo the sentiment of this community, when we say that a devoted husband and father, a kind friend and neighbor has been taken from our midst. He was honest and just in his dealings with others, affectionate in his home relations, ever ready to lend a helping hand to his neighbors, and an ardent worker in the church, which he successfully aided with his money and presence each Sabbath. He not only sowed the seed on his farm that he might reap a pecuniary harvest but he also sowed the seeds of good living in his heart which prepared him for the heavenly home. It was a singular coincidence that he died at the same hour, the same day of the month that his oldest son was born. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to mourn his great loss and they have the sympathy of our people in their bereavement.

(Correspondence.)

A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 16th, 1889.
786 LA FAYETTE AVENUE.

A lady from Florida objects to my advice to young girls in regard to cooking and housework. She argues that "they should all strive for something higher than wrestling with pots and kettles, and making bread and pies for coarse and vulgar stomachs." This protest would be as funny as it is absurd, if it were not for the fact that such a remark shows how wide spread is the feeling against domestic employment for American girls. This makes it tragic. My advice to every girl who is obliged to earn her own living is to seek employment in the line of her aptitude if possible, and if she likes to cook and can cook better than she can do anything

else, she ought to cook if she can find a place to cook in. To my mind there are no higher offices in the world than those filled by the responsible nurse and the intelligent cook. What can be of more consequence than the food we eat, since not only our physical health, but in many cases our morality depends on the food we eat? A wise cook in my house is the most prized of all my possessions. On her I pin my faith and most of my hopes of success. The minister, the doctor, and lawyer, can't hold a candle to her. Learn to cook, girls, every mother's daughter of you, whether the necessity is laid upon you or not, and do not be discouraged by Mrs. Grundy or Mrs. Shoddy. They are not worth noticing.

Every day we hear of something original and unique in woman's work. Among the most strikingly original schemes for a broad usefulness and selfhelpfulness is the business established by Miss M. G. Anderson of Brooklyn. The lady is young, ambitious, and very capable. Realizing that there was a vast number of people at home as well as abroad who would be glad to have their shopping done—invalids, business women, wealthy women who do not like the bother and fatigue—she started an industry of this kind which is now in full blast. She charges ten per cent. for her services, and her patrons wonder now how they ever did without her. One invalid who has been compelled to depend upon her friends for such kindly offices, told me that Miss Anderson's new idea had been a blessing that could not be described. Ladies from a distance who have heretofore been compelled to ask such shopping favors of their city friends, and would a thousand times rather pay for having this work done, are loud in its praise. But this is not all. Acquaintance with the ladies who do not live in the city, disclosed the fact that many are deterred from visiting New York because they do not know where to get the things they want, or how to visit the places they most wish to see. To meet this difficulty, Miss Anderson offers herself as a guide. She is thoroughly posted, knowing every nook and corner that anyone could possibly desire to see as well as every "bargain counter" in the two cities. For those who wish to visit the theatre she buys tickets ahead, and attends to every detail of the shopping or pleasure trip. Her terms are one dollar an hour and expenses, or five hours a day and expenses. I was privileged to examine an invoice of goods which this bright woman had lately shipped to Denver. There were laces and embroideries, rugs and china, beautifully embroidered portieres, underwear and table linen, and a coming-out dress which was bought and made by measure for one of the loveliest girls in Colorado. And so the work goes on. The success of this enterprise only proves the truth of what I have said so often to all my girls, that if they will only give folks what they want, they need not beg anybody for employment.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White of the "Boston Herald" is one of the brightest women and most successful writers to be found in the old Bay State. There is no kind of newspaper work that she has not done, from the humblest reporting to the most careful editing. Besides this arduous and absorbing journalistic labor, Mrs. White has made herself an enduring fame as a magazine writer. Her articles in the "Wide Awake" and other periodicals are always eagerly looked for. "Housekeeper and Home-Makers" is the title of a new book which this busy woman has lately issued. It is published by Jordan, Marsh & Co., and is certainly one of the most useful books for housekeepers that I have ever had the pleasure of examining. Many of the recipes are new, and unlike many cook books each recipe is reliable.

William Hawley Smith wrote the "Evolution of Dood" one of the most masterly arguments for a thorough educational reform that has ever been given to the world. Now, his wife, Mrs. Helen Galusha Smith, has written a book which is also educational, though in an entirely different line. Realizing the help needed by the lovers of hand embroidery, some of whom perhaps have mastered the stitches, but do not understand the art of shading and blending colors, this wide-awake woman has prepared this volume, which she has called, "How to Shade Embroidered Flowers and Leaves." The cuts are so simple and the directions so clear and simple, that the veriest ignoramus could not fail to learn the art of coloring. The other evening at the theatre I heard a man say to his companion who had evidently been defending a woman against an unjust attack of some kind, "Oh, yes; there are a few women in the world who really seem to be born with common sense, but most of 'em are silly and illogical, and go all round Robin Hood's Barn, and even then don't touch the point." I thought at that moment of Mrs. Smith's book which I had just been examining, and Sally Joy White's, and the remarkable business talent of Miss Anderson, the Brooklyn shopper and guide for all creation, and a hundred or two more just such women, and wished that I might materialize "Robin Hood's Barn," which has been mentioned oftener and more disagreeably than any other building on earth, and lock this defamer of women up in it till he knew how to behave himself. But the world moves with less friction than ever before, and as "Josiah Allen's Wife" remarks, "It's because women's shoulder blades are a the wheel."

Mrs. E. B. Grannis, of New York, is said to be the only woman in the United States who controls and edits a religious newspaper. When the "Church Union" was first started, its proprietor did not dare let it be known that she was a woman. For years Mrs. Grannis, with the assistance of a boy, did all the work, even to the setting up of the paper, and more than once she has been obliged to get it out entirely alone. The business capabilities of this exceptionally bright woman are of the highest kind. Whatever she undertakes she is sure to carry to success. Mrs. Grannis has edited a magazine called "The Children's Friend and Kindergarten," for the last seven years, and her little thirty cent book called

"The Universal Clock Adjuster," which teaches every person of ordinary sense to fix their own clocks, has already reached its third edition. Besides all these enterprises Mrs. Grannis has an interest in the "Zylonite Collar and Cuff Factory." ELEANOR KIRK.

The great popularity and success of Salvation Oil, the great pain-destroyer, have made it a target for counterfeiters. Buy the genuine. Price 25 cts.

"Died of ammonia, poor fellow," said Mrs. Partington, on learning of a friend's death from pneumonia. "I believe I should have died, too, but for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, she meant, of course.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 1881 Pearl St., New York.

W. Whytal,

DEALER IN

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Groceries of Every Description

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American Milling Co.'s Flour,

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Washburn's Best,

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Near R. R. Crossing,

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12 Room House to Let.

Academy Street, Arlington.

The same is nicely finished, has all the modern conveniences of furnace, hot and cold water, gas, set-tubs, etc., and has a good lot of land with fruit trees. Rent moderate. Apply to

G. S. PARKER.

3 TENEMENTS TO LET

In Swan Place, Arlington.

Located in the large four-tenement house near end of the place. Are arranged in flats, have modern conveniences, and are particularly desirable for small families. Apply to

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Built especially for the owners, containing modern improvements and conveniences, charmingly located, are offered FOR SALE on easy terms, at prices that ought to command an immediate sale. For particulars as to terms, etc., apply to

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There has been placed in the hands of the subscriber, FOR SALE, a conveniently located estate having what so many desire and so few can find, ample land for a small garden. Farm. It is near the centre of Arlington, convenient to the steam railroad depot, the horse cars pass it, and it has no other advantages which will be named on application to

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FREE **FREE**
\$25 Solid Gold Watch.
Sold for \$100, and later
Best \$50 which is the world.
Perfect timekeeper. War-
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case. Fine gold movement with
jewel bearings. Both ladies' and
gentlemen's. Each watch is
guaranteed to keep true for
one year. We will give you
one of our large and valuable
line of 14-ounce solid
Samples. These samples, as
well as the watch, we send
you free, and after you have tried
them in your home for 3 months and shown them to
your friends, we will give you
one of our large and valuable
line of 14-ounce solid
Samples. We will express, freight, and
address \$1000 & Co., Box 515, Portland, Maine.



CALVIN ANDREWS,

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,
Buckman Court, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

FREDERICK LEMME, FLORIST.

Choice Green-House Flowers, Bouquets, An-
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of every description. Plants Re-potted with
Prepared Soil.

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Special Attention Given to Filling.

ELMER A. WINSHIP, Upholsterer & Furniture Repairer.

Will answer all calls for work at houses, and
amateurs of giving satisfaction. Samples of goods
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50 cents.

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Complete House Furnishings

TO BE FOUND IN THIS COUNTRY.

Their goods, which are always reliable and warranted to be as represented,
being bought at the lowest market rate, are sold at the lowest possible price for
which such goods can be obtained: for CASH or ON INSTALLMENTS; and
delivered FREE to any city or town in New England where there is a railroad
freight station.

Out of town customers who buy \$50.00 worth of goods have car fare to
Boston for one person refunded. If they buy \$100.00 worth or over, car fares
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Special attention is called to their superb stock of

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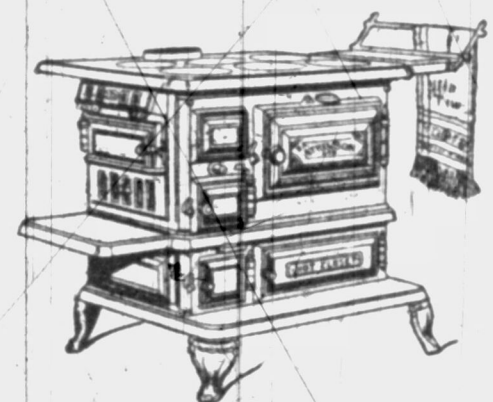
We have more suits in our sample room
than any other retailer carries in stock
and can show them covered in Satin,
Damasks, Raw and Spun Silk, Plain,
Embossed, Silk and Crushed Plushes
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In WEST MEDFORD,

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wish to call the attention of the Builders to
whom we would be pleased to furnish estimates
at any time.

Having worked for several years in Arlington,
we are well acquainted with the style and sys-
tem of the work, and on the other hand our work
is well known by many.

DUNBAR & LA CHAPELLE.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

LOWELL SYSTEM

On and after Oct. 8, 1888, trains will run as
follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at
7.50 a. m.; 1.35, 4.25, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, p. m.
Return at 8.40 a. m.; 12.30, 4.10, p. m.; Sunday
8.45 a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at
7.50 a. m.; 1.35, 4.25, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, p. m.
Return at 8.45 a. m.; 12.37, 4.17, p. m.; Sunday,
8.53 a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.45, 7.05,
7.50, 10.00, a. m.; 1.35, 3.45, 4.25, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30,
11.15, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m., 12.50, 6.09, p. m. Return
at 5.45, 6.35, 7.00, 7.26, 8.20, 8.58, 10.10, a. m.;
12.47, 3.39, 4.25, 6.08, p. m.; Sunday, 9.04 a. m.;
12.35, 4.46, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6.45,
7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.05, 10.50, a. m.; 12.20,
1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 5.30, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30, 7.45, 9.15,
10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m., 12.50, 6.06,
p. m. Return at 5.55, 6.45, 7.09, 7.37, 7.55,
8.29, 9.10, 9.40, 10.19, 10.50, a. m.; 12.00, 12.57, 2.30,
3.48, 4.10, 4.45, 6.15, 6.35, 9.00, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday
9.16 a. m.; 12.45, 4.56, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights
at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.05, 10.50, a. m.;
12.20, 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 5.20, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30,
7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m.;
12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.06, 6.54, 7.18,
7.44, 8.05, 8.38, 9.18, 9.47, 10.25, 11.00, a. m.; 12.10,
1.07, 2.40, 3.55, 4.19, 4.54, 6.45, 9.10, 10.19, p. m.;
Sunday, 9.26 a. m.; 12.54, 5.06, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.45,
7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 12.20,
1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.50, 5.10, 5.20, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30,
7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15,
a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.14,
7.01, 7.26, 7.49, 8.12, 8.44, 9.25, 9.53, 10.30, 11.06, a.
m.; 12.16, 1.14, 2.46, 4.00, 4.25, 5.00, 5.32, 6.15, 6.39,
6.51, 7.45, 9.10, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34 a. m.;
1.00, 5.13, p. m.

LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell at 7.04,
10.19, a. m.; 4.06, 6.01, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7.17,
10.29, a. m.; 4.19, 6.17, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington AND
Arlington at 6.55, 9.30, a. m.; 3.10, 5.30, p. m.

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stop them for a time, and then have them re-
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FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to
CURE the worst cases. Because others have
failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure.
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of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express
and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a
trial, and it will cure you. Address

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C. S. PARKER'S

COMPENSATION.

The brook ran laughing from the shade,
And in the sunshine danced all day;
The starlight and the moonlight made
Its glimmering path a Milky Way.

The blue sky burned, with summer fire;
For parching fields, for pining flowers,
The spirits of the air desired
The brook's bright life to shed in showers.

It gave its all, that thirst to slake;
Its dusty channel lifeless lay;
Now softest flowers, white-frothing, make
Its winding bed a Milky Way.

—Helen Gray Cone, in *American Magazine*.

THE WATCHMAN'S BOY.

BY H. M. HOFF.

Surely, the bright, handsome clock on the wall must be out of fix, for never did clock hands move so slowly. No thought like Timson, as he sat one morning before business hours, in the office of a railroad superintendent. The brass pendulum came to its window regularly, and appeared to look out at him, but the time dragged heavily, and it seemed as if the great man would never come. The colored man sweeping out the office, said it would be "a good bit" till he came, and Ike said he would wait.

His business there was of great importance. His father was employed by the railroad company to walk at night along the tracks, to see that all was safe for the trains that went rushing and roaring over them. It was responsible and dangerous work, for which he received pay barely ample to support his family.

This changing the night, intended for rest and sleep, into a time for labor, was wearing upon the watchman, and he had become a most too ill to continue. Each night, as he went on duty, and thought of the long, weary, dragging hours, with their dismal loneliness, he believed it must be his last; but utter destitute on to his family was as certain a result of his giving up, as a horrible accident was of an un-expected break in the railway. So he manfully struggled on, walking the track as firmly as he could, carrying a lantern—the only companion—with a weak hand, though many a gloomy night when he should have been home resting.

The watchman had three children, of whom Ike was the eldest. He was an intelligent and active lad, too young and slight, however, to add by his work in the matter of road-watching. He saw that his father's health was rapidly failing, and it filled him with anxiety. After much worrying that he was unable to help, an idea came to him, and he quickly resolved to follow it up. Therefore, we find him on this morning, waiting to ask the superintendent of the road for permission to take his father's place for awhile. He had consulted no one, and knew not how useless such a request would be.

The brass pendulum appeared at the window many times, as if it, too, were waiting for the superintendent, before he came. He was a large, rather fat, fine-looking man, very neatly clad in a black suit, white vest and tie. He had a commanding manner, a face expressive of firmness, and bright, sparkling, watchful eyes. He walked with a brisk, business-like step to a desk, placed a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses on his nose with a careless, yet precise motion, and began work upon a pile of letters placed ready at hand.

Ike was so frightened when he saw the stern man, that he felt like going out without making his request, but the superintendent, raising his head to think more deeply about some point in a letter, saw the pale little fellow, called him to his desk, and asked:

"What is it, my little man?"

Ike was so badly scared now that his heart beat wildly, and he could not say a word. Seeing this, the superintendent opened a letter and read it, to allow him time to regain his courage, which he soon did. He then spoke of his father's failing health, in what a sad condition their family would be should he be compelled to quit, and then timidly made his request, showing plainly, though, his confidence in the possession of ability to do the work.

The superintendent listened very attentively to this request, made through boyish innocence and inexperience, and then called "John-on," in obedience to which, a shrewd young man hastily appeared. To him he gave some directions, which Ike did not understand, but in which he heard his father's name mentioned. He was then told that the matter would be attended to, and that he should call again the next day. He went home with his boyish face radiant with the hope that he had dispelled the dark cloud lowering over their lives, and all would be right again.

His young heart overflowed with happiness, and he could not keep secret what he had done. He pictured to himself how the troubled look on his father's face would change to cheerfulness and hope, and how the wrinkles, which had but lately appeared there, would disappear at the good news. He was so filled with joy that it was difficult to wait till his father rose from his daily sleep to tell him of it.

When they were all gathered around the supper table, except his mother, who was putting up the watchman's lunch in a tin can, Ike told what he had done. But imagine the poor boy's surprise and disappointment, when his father, instead of being greatly rejoiced, let his knife and fork fall to the plate, and gave a deep groan when the can dropped noisily from his mother's hands, and when they all looked at him in amazement.

"Went—went to the superintendent, and—told him that I—I am too sick to do my work?" asked the watchman, excitedly.

"Yes, sir," answered Ike, beginning to cry at such an unexpected reception of his great news.

"Whatever did possess you to do the like of that?" asked his mother, somewhat angrily. "Why didn't you ask some one first? But," she added in a softer tone to her husband, "suppose he did it, thinking he was doing right, and maybe there won't be any harm come from it."

"It'll just ruin us," replied the watchman, utterly disconsolate. "Of course I'll be discharged to-morrow, because I am unfit to do my work, and then what? Nothing but starve, or the poor house."

Such was the most reasonable outlook. Ike's news had burst upon them

like thunder from the already dark cloud overhanging them. There was not a cheering gleam to indicate a silver lining. Their lamp was a poor one; but it gave a sufficient light to show the troubled looks on the faces of the father and mother. The very shadows in the corner seemed to have grown blacker. The silence was only broken by Ike's sobs. The watchman did not wish to punish him, for he felt that the little fellow had committed the unfortunate blunder in a sin or attempt to help them; but discouraged indeed was he as he lighted his lantern, and went on duty for the last time, as he believed.

Though Ike was crying bitterly, for he now saw his mistake in the right light—if there was any light about it—it being a very gloomy one to them—he saw that his father staggered under his increased burden, and that he was totally unfit for his work. "Suppose that he should fall upon the tracks from exhaustion, and be"—the thought was so terrible, he was afraid even to think the last word. Under a sudden impulse, he dried his tears, took his cap, went quietly out, and walked to the little watch house, in which his father sat when not walking his beat. He had come to watch the watchman.

It was a clear, warm, summer night, the stars faithful sentinels themselves—shining brightly, as if to watch the two watchers below. Ike did not wish his father to see him, so he sat down in the grass beside the track, and near enough to the house not to lose sight of him. The watchman was in the house, with his head bent down, thinking deeply over his troubles while he waited till it was time to go on the track.

Ike lay on the grass listening to the roar of the neighboring creek, which was much swollen by recent rains. Looking up at the stars, many curious thoughts regarding them came to his mind. There was a very large, brilliant one almost directly above him, and he wondered if it in there was any boy so troubled as he; then he thought that could not be, for in such a bright place night watchmen were not needed.

Then he amused himself by almost closing his eyes and watching the long lines of light that appeared to shoot from the star, as if they were reaching out its lustro arms in friendly intercourse with its starry companions. Then it became a rapidly approaching headlight of an engine—many other things, finally darkness seemed to envelope it, and Ike was fast asleep. He dreamed he was being carried up to a brighter star, nearer and nearer, and when he was so close that the light dazzled his eyes, he awoke with a start, to find a lantern held close to his eyes, and a husky, though kind, voice, said:

"What be you doing here, lad?"

Ike saw that it was old Sam Wimple, the watchman, whose beat was next his father's—and a man who had years ago been old. He answered:

"I'm here to watch father; he's not well."

"You be doin' fine watchin', Ike; sleep on your post. Your father's out on his beat," said the old fellow, looking at the flame of his lantern, and giving a slight chuckle. "But sleep do come in the night time, lad; it's a'wful; and them as is denied of it, it goes hard with. Your father be breakin' down o' it, son."

"Yes; we are all worried about it; but I must be following him. Has he been gone long?" asked Ike, taking a lantern from the house and lighting it.

"Light smart while," replied Sam, knocking from his lantern a large moth which had been attracted by the light. "The matter o' half an hour."

"Then I must be quick."

"Be keeful o' yourself," said the old watchman, turning around, after he had started down the track. "The fast mail is due west in twenty minutes, and there be a fast excursion train, extra, east; and them two, perwiding they be on time, will pass just beyond the bridge. Be keeful o' yourself, lad; be keeful. Good night."

Ike ran rapidly up the track in the direction his father had gone. Severely did he chide himself for going to sleep when so much depended upon his keeping awake. But he was soon relieved by seeing, away up the track, a lantern moving as if it were being carried by some one walking. He ran on, resolving to go to his father, remain with him, and endeavor to cheer him in the long hours of his watch.

He was running toward a high trestle-bridge over the swollen creek, whose angry roar sounded more terrible as he came near it. It was a wooden structure, crossed by both tracks, in a wild and lonely spot, about a mile from the principal town of the road. When Ike placed his foot on the bridge, and felt its trembling, he knew that the stream was rising rapidly. He saw a lantern, about half way across, and, knowing it was his father's, he decided to wait till he came up.

He was thinking what he should say in explanation of his presence, when he felt a violent jarring of the bridge, saw the lantern waved frantically, heard a deafening, frightful crash, and stood appalled at the dreadful fact that a part of the bridge had fallen into the seething torrent below, and his father with it. He was almost palsied with fright. He called "father," but his voice, weak from terror, was drowned in the din of the rushing water.

A brilliant meteor flashed across the sky as if it had been the disaster from on high, and was now speeding to some distant constellation, to tell the direful news. It seemed somehow to recall old Sam Wimple's words: "The fast mail is due west in twenty minutes, and there be a fast excursion train due east, and them two will pass just beyond the bridge." This brought him to his senses; a great calamity was imminent. Something must be done, and done quickly, for at least half the time had passed. He ran wildly out on the swaying bridge. Should he look after his father? No; the trains! the trains! they were due in a few short minutes. He could stand, he thought, at the break and wave his lantern to them. No; that would not do, for to the west, where the excursion would come, was a sharp curve, and the engineer would not see him until too late.

Stooping down at the very edge of the break, he was gladdened to see that an iron brace had remained intact, and was now the only thing that spanned the chasm. Could he cross it? Not a moment was to be lost, for he fancied he heard the distant shriek of an approaching engine. He must cross it, or the angel of death would soon garner an abundant harvest of human lives. His

decision must be made instantly, for at that moment the headlight of the fast mail appeared down the track.

With a quickness of thought, born of the desperate situation, he resolved on his course. Causing his lantern to show a red light by drawing down a slide, he placed it between the tracks. Then he carefully crawled out on a projecting beam, grasped the iron bar firmly, swung himself clear of the timbers, and in the dense darkness, started on his perilous mission.

The bar quivered, as though it wished to shake him off, but he clung to it with desperation, and, hanging by his hands, he worked his way slowly along, agonizingly slow, when two trains, with hundreds of precious lives on board, were approaching at their highest speed. It seemed to him that he made no progress at all, so terrible was his anxiety. He had the torturing idea that the bar stretched away out, through darkness, into space, and that he was condemned to reach the end or perish. He knew that the fast mail was approaching, and he momentarily expected the excursion train to come shrieking around the curve, and plunge through the bridge. Each second seemed an age; a long, long time to gather up suspense. The lives of hundreds depended upon his quickness.

At last he reached the timbers in safety, and, with an almost superhuman effort, drew himself on the track. Lying not an instant, he ran at his greatest speed up around the curve. He was just in the nick of time. Thirty seconds longer would have been too late. Up the track, not thirty rods from the curve, like a great angry creature rushing somewhere to wreak dire vengeance upon an enemy, came the excursion train. Ike had just time to raise a red handkerchief two or three times over his head in the full glare of the headlight, and step off the track, when the engine, with a shriek, went thundering by. There was a rubbing sound of car brakes being quickly applied, and just at the bridge the train stopped so close that the cowcatcher projected over it. The fast mail had stopped on the other side at sight of the red lantern.

The passengers alighted, rushed forward, looked at the track, and shuddered to think how narrowly they had escaped—just within the jaws of death. The engineer of the excursion train told how he had been signaled, and there was an immediate search for the person who did it. He could not be found, but presently a brakeman, who had been sent back to flag a freight train following, came up, with Ike in his arms. He had been found lying unconscious on the bank of the track, with the red handkerchief still in his hand. He had fainted from excitement.

When restored to consciousness he told how he came over the iron bar, and that he had seen his father go down with the bridge. A number of persons went to examine the slender iron by the light of their lanterns, and, while doing so, a dark object was seen a few feet from the top of the bridge. A venturesome fellow went down, and found that the watchman had been miraculously saved by catching between two beams. He was soon raised to the top. He was but slightly injured, but unconscious from the shock.

The next day, Ike went to the superintendent's office, as he had been told to do. He went bright and early, but the story of his heroism had preceded him. The superintendent received him with a hearty shake of the hand, and even Johnson, who was the clerk Ike had seen the day before, and who, judging from his lofty bearing, held a higher position than the superintendent, grasped him quite energetically by the hand.

The superintendent suddenly discovered that he needed an office boy very badly; and it wasn't more than a day until Ike was that office boy, at a salary somewhat higher than the usual pay for such a position. And it wasn't very long before an office boy's position and not very long again till he occupied Johnson's place. And it may be it is quite probable, in fact—that it won't be many years before he will be the man to occupy the superintendent's chair, for whom the brass pendulum will appear to look out of its little window.

The watchman was given leave of absence, with pay continuing until he recovered his health, when he was promoted to a much better place. This, in addition to the handsome purse he had won with golden contents, which the passengers actually thrust into Ike's hands, completely turned the cloud around, so that ever since, its silver lining has shed its gladdened rays upon the watchman's family. —*Yankee Blade*.

All in a Half-Century.

The unification of Italy.
The annexation of Texas.
The French revolution of 1848.
The discovery of photography.
The laying of the ocean cables.
The discovery of the telephone.
The emancipation of Russian serfs.
The discovery of the electric telegraph.
The establishment of ocean steam navigation.
The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power.
The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.
The great Franco-German war and the unification of Germany.
The great civil war and abolition of slavery in the United States.
The rise and fall of Napoleon III., and establishment of the French Republic.
The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.

A Queer Notion About Mad Dogs.

Henry Keener, an octogenarian, shot a mad dog which ran amuck for ten miles in Northern Lancaster County, Penn. A hundred dogs were bitten, and the excitement has revived an old custom. "This mad dog scare has boomed my business," said Benjamin Bashop, who has just made a tour of the territory visited by the dog. "I have all I can do removing a worm that grows at the root of the dog's tongue. The worm is round at both ends, and level from the tongue in the middle. In big dogs this worm is an inch and a half in length. When the worm is cut out the dog is perfectly harmless, because when hydrophobic sets in the jaws of the dog become as stiff as a poker."

A COUNTRY FARMHOUSE.

WHY ITS OCCUPANTS ARE OFTEN IN BAD HEALTH.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall's Presentation of Present Evils and Suggestions as to Sanitary Improvements.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, of Brooklyn, read a highly interesting paper recently on "Sanitation in the Country" before a meeting of the New York Academy of Anthropology. We quote from the *Times* account:

The lecturer began by graphically describing a typical country house, surrounded with dense shade trees that produce gloom and mold; with the best parlor always shut up, closely lest the carpet should be faded by the sunshine or the furniture specked by a fly; with small, ill-ventilated bedrooms either in the middle of the house or on the cold and dark northern exposure; with the well in the house or very near to it; with the outhouses joining the main building or in close proximity to it; with a cellar uncemented, damp, and often wet; with the kitchen garbage thrown near the one-windowed bedroom, which was the family sleeping apartment, and contained at night the father, the mother, and the small children.

The occupants of such houses universally complain of illness, from the head of the family to the youngest member. They were all ailing, and yet it never occurred to any of them to make a change or that their discomfort and illness were in any way due to the construction and surroundings of their habitations. They were ignorant of the rudiments of sanitation and universally sacrificed their health to save their carpets. The lecturer had personally visited and inspected 65 farmhouses in New England, the Middle States and the Western States, and had collected data from 100 more domiciles in the same localities. From the statistics thus gleaned she had prepared the following instructive table of percentages:

In New England the percentage of houses erected upon sandy soil was 27; Middle States, 11; Western States, 17. On loamy soil, New England showed 62 per cent.; Middle States, 14; Western States, 60. On wet soil, New England, 11; Middle States, 6; Western States, 13. Too closely shaded dwellings bore the following proportions: New England, 0 per cent.; Middle States, 4; Western States, 62. The average age of the houses visited was 50 years in New England, 60 years in the Middle States, and 10 years in the Western States. The situation of the sleeping apartments was as follows: New England, all on the ground floor; Middle States, 91 per cent. on the ground floor; Western States, 84 per cent. on the ground floor. Of sleeping rooms not warmed in the winter, New England showed 2 per cent.; Middle States, 31; Western States, 10. Of houses with shut-up "best" parlor and general darkness, there was 55 per cent. in New England, 68 in the Middle States, and 60 in the Western States. Of damp or wet cellars there was 60 per cent. in New England, 63 in the Middle States, and 60 in the Western States. In half these cases the cellar did not extend under the entire house.

Of houses with wells in them New England showed 18 per cent.; Middle States, 14; Western States, 23. The distance of the well from the barn averaged 44 feet in New England, 117 feet in the Middle States, and 118 feet in the Western States. The distance of the well from the earth closet averaged 284 feet in New England, 33 feet in the Middle States, and 96 feet in the Western States. In New England 55 per cent. of the houses had barns joined to them. Earth closets were joined to 35 per cent. of New England houses, 14 per cent. of those in the Middle States, and 19 per cent. of those in the Western States. There was 72 per cent. of New England houses without vault or ventilating shaft, 14 per cent. in the Middle States, 39 per cent. of the Western States. Slops thrown from back door showed 77 per cent. in New England, 40 in the Middle States, 26 in the Western States.

Of the diseases existing in these abodes, rheumatism was first in prevalence, lung affections (especially phthisis) second, diphtheria third, typhoid fever fourth, and bowel troubles fifth. The geographical percentages were as follows: Rheumatism—70 per cent. in New England, 81 in the Middle States, 80 in the Western States; lung troubles—93 per cent. in New England, 70 in the Middle States, 65 in the Western States; diphtheria—82 per cent. in New England, 70 in the Middle States, 15 in the Western States; typhoid fever—55 per cent. in New England, 9 in the Middle States, 25 in the Western States; bowel affections—50 per cent. in New England, 33 in the Middle States, and 4 in the Western States. Besides these diseases there was an abundance of malaria in all the various forms of melancholia, heart disease, nervous debility, kidney troubles, throat affections, etc.

The lecturer declared that the average country housewife was afflicted with a mania to keep out sunlight. The pale and ailing women among the well-to-do country people exceeded in proportion those of any other class. These women take no out-door exercise of any kind, and the result was an appalling array of pallid daughters and narrow-chested sons. She showed by diagrams of existing houses the general unhealthiness of the prevalent system of building in the country, and declared that the average city house was far healthier than that of the country. The vine-clad, shade-embowered houses sung of by poets and raved about by artists were really the most unhygienic in existence. She suggested as a remedy for these evils that country houses should be built with large and sunny living rooms, with shade trees at a respectful distance; with wells safe from the drainage of earth closets and stables; with all outhouses remotely situated; with bedrooms on the second floor; with cellars cemented and extending under the entire house; with temporary awnings instead of permanent projecting porches; and with everything about the place constructed on principles of hygiene and common sense.

A man building a house in the country should not leave the matter to the architect, but should consult the family physician as well. It was the duty of doctors everywhere to study sanitation and to conscientiously advise concerning its application. As a remedy in existing country houses she suggested open windows plenty of sunshine, the removal

of gloomy shade trees, and the demolition of disgusting barns, pig-stys, henneries, and other offensive and injurious outbuildings. Further than this, an effort should be made to educate the country people in the application of sanitary and hygienic principles. She thought that this last duty devolved seriously upon the doctors throughout the country.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Always lace a belt so that the ends tie in the middle, and not at one edge.

Little insects are largely responsible for the spread of pulmonary consumption and cholera.

Vermont factories turn out 600,000 snowshoes per year, and New Hampshire and Maine send the figures up to 1,000,000.

A Hartford (Conn.) belting house has produced a leather belt, double, which is 1 1/2 feet long, 5 feet wide and half an inch thick.

One pound of paint will cover about four square yards of surface, first coat; and about six square yards for each additional coat.

A test of bagging made from fiber obtained from pine leaves seems to establish the fact that a substitute of great value has been found for jute.

The scheme of filling bombs with asphyxiating gas, so that the enemy will lie down quietly and go to sleep on both sides after a short shower of bombs, is said to be the best that has yet been offered in military science.

Lightning produces chemical changes in the atmosphere, by converting a portion of the two gases oxygen and nitrogen, of which it is principally composed, into nitric acid. This acts very powerfully in destroying the exhalations which arise from putrid vegetable and animal matters.

A German electrician has devised an ingenious scheme for the regulation of dynamos. The field magnet cores, instead of being solid, are made of tubes, in which a solid core is inserted. This core can be withdrawn by hand or automatically, and the strength of current thus regulated.

A Birmingham (Ala.) steel company recently shipped some of their steel to a razor company in Massachusetts, the latter making it into razors and sending back word that the steel was equal in every respect to the best English crucible steel. Other tests, it is claimed, proved equally satisfactory as to the quality of this steel.

A new scheme of utilizing the saw dust of the Ottawa River in Canada, for the purpose of fuel is proposed. It is claimed that by a system of grinding the refuse into a uniform fineness, mixing it with the refuse gas tar from the gas house and compressing the substance into cakes, a fuel can be made in every way superior to soft coal for open fires.

During a discussion of the "lightning-rod question" at the last meeting of the British Association, it was stated that where there are special corroding agencies at work copper is to be preferred to iron as being less easily oxidized, but that in ordinary cases equally good security can be obtained, at much less expense, with iron. The question whether the rods really afforded any security was not considered.

An English electrician has invented a material which he calls alteration for the prevention of corrosion in boilers. The interior is quoted with this and currents of electricity are passed through the boiler and from time to time reversed. The formation of scale is prevented by a layer of hydrogen gas, which is deposited upon the inner surface of the boiler. The reversed currents reforms the hydrogen into pure water, a thin layer of pure water being thus kept all around the boiler.

A chimney 132 feet high settled until its top was three feet two inches out of the perpendicular. This was at the works of Matthews & Sons, in Gloucestershire, England. A course of bricks was taken out for five-eighths of the circumference and replaced by a course, one and five-eighths inches less in height. As fast as the cut was made the new course was laid and iron wedges were driven in above it. When all was in place, the wedges were driven out, and the chimney came back to within an inch or two of the perpendicular.

Parasitic fishes—extremely small beings, shaped like an eel—have been recognized only for a relatively short time. Ten species have been distinguished in different seas and oceans. They usually attach themselves to some hollow part of the bodies of marine animals, preferably entering the respiratory cavities of star-fish. They have even been found in the interior of the shells of pearl oysters. They do not injure the animals with which they associate themselves, for they do not live upon them, but upon the minute organisms which the sea water brings to their cavities, so that they are really commensals rather than parasites.

A Fortune From a Song.

The most noted song-writer in Philadelphia is Reptimus Winner, who still owns a music store in this city. It was he who wrote the immensely popular "Listen to the Mocking Bird." The song was first published in 1885. Mr. Winner using the nom-de-plume of Alice Hawthorne, which was his mother's maiden name. The song was published in ballad form and at once became very popular, and such is its hold upon public fancy, that although it has been sung and whistled and played the country over for an average lifetime, it still retains its place as a song of national reputation. The profits from its sale have exceeded \$100,000, perhaps the largest amount ever realized from any musical composition of its class. —*Philadelphia Press*.

Chased a Fox Two Days.

A fox hound belonging to Captain Mark Percy, of Cox's Head, near Fort Popham, chased a fox for two days. The dog was seen in pursuit of the fox several times during the two days, and his deep baying was frequently heard. Finally the fox tired out and fell on the ground exhausted. The dog, knowing that he had not sufficient strength left to fight the fox, sat down near him and watched him. In this condition the fox and the hound were found by a man who lived near, and the fox was so exhausted that the man easily killed him with a club. —*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a kind at ease;
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's lot;
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber-deep.

Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he his simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore;
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come;
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were thought nor sold,
And center there are better than gold.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A land of distress—Wales.

On strike—A parlor match.

A shepherd's crook—A sheep stealer.

The seaboard—Salt pork and hard tack.

With the builder it's either put up or shut up.

In the matter of fans the Chinese take the palm.

The "nimble shilling" must be made out of quicksilver.

A beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.

Now say the bees after the hive is prepared for them: "We'll make things hum here."

A spirit thermometer is best for cold weather purposes, because there is always a drop in it.

Shrewd inquiries are being made as to whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell?

Jay Eye See will probably remain on the turf instead of going under it. —*New York Herald*.

When it comes to a question between pies and pizza it is hard to decide. —*Richmond Dispatch*.

Uncle Sam may laugh at Canada, but he can't catch a nation by cachinnation. —*Detroit Free Press*.

If he who hesitates is lost, the man who stutters must have great difficulty in finding himself. —*Somerset's Journal*.

'Tis a human act to kill canines. By electric shocks, we own—But then it gives a wicked taste To the sausage of Bologna.

Bobby—"What did you say, pa?" Pa—"Never mind." Bobby—"I don't of-fer nuthin' I have to do!" —*Birmingham Republic*.

"So old Brown is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes, it broke his heart to do it, but he left everything." —*Hurper's Kasur*.

A clergyman who married a couple of deaf mutes in Brooklyn the other day made a bad break when he wished them "unspeakable bliss." —*The Cartoon*.

He who fights and runs away May live to fight another day. But he who never fights at all, Yet wears his whips, has lots of gall.

Reynson compares men to trees, and perhaps he is right about some men, who are all limbs, whose boughs are awkward, and whose general reputation is somewhat shady. —*New York Sun*.

Little Boston Girl (as the hair-brush is reached for)—"Mamma, the consecutiveness and the prelatency of these interminable castigations are slowly sapping my very life." —*Time*.

The United States Post Office Department is pretty well supplied with regulations, there is one more we should like to see adopted about this time—"Post no bills." —*Burlington Free Press*.

He said in tones of sorrow, No "friends in need" for me! The friends that want to borrow I do not wish to see. —*Boston Courier*.

He Misunderstood.—Robinson—"How does it come that you are always in the courts?" Lawyer—"That's my business." Robinson—"Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you." —*Time*.

Baker—"What is the price of flour to-day?" Assistant—"Somewhat higher." "Well, go down and tell the foreman to chuck in more yeast. Thank my stars, old Hutek can't get up a corner on wind." —*Philadelphia Record*.

"Why, Mrs. Heaney, what is the matter with your daughter Florence? She looks completely used up and done for." "Oh, she's all right, Mrs. Van Tyke. She has just graduated from a finishing school." —*Springfield Union*.

CAPRICIOUS FORTUNE.

HOW THE FICKLE MISS FLIRTS WITH THOSE WHO COURT HER.

The Great Majority of Gamblers Are Unfortunate—Big Winnings from Small Stakes—A Fly Tenderfoot Who Bet \$5,000 on the Black.

"The caprices of chance or fortune, whichever you may call it, are singular, to say the least," remarked a well known gambler to a News man, in recounting his ups and downs at roulette, faro, poker and various other games. "Not long ago I made a nice little winning at faro, and was cashing my checks, when a rather seedy looking fellow, with a gaunt, hungry face, asked me to give him 25 cents. I didn't know him from a crow, but having won out pretty well, I tossed him a white check and told him to go and make a winning. What do you suppose that duck done? He cashed the check, took the quarter, strode over to the tub dice game, placed it on the six, and won \$45 the first turn of the wheel. 'Give me the money,' he exclaimed, and away he went to get the first square meal he had probably eaten in a week. He might have made that same play a hundred times again and lost every bet, but some people can fall into the river and they'll come up with a fish in both hands."

A CONSULTATION NECESSARY. "That reminds me," said another knight of the cloth, "of an incident that came under my observation last week at a gambling house on Sixteenth street. A fly tenderfoot from the east, who, it is said, had won \$25,000 on election, sauntered up to the wheel and asked the dealer the limit on the colors.

"Any amount you want to stake," was the reply.

"All right; there's \$5,000," said the sport, putting ten \$500 bills on the black. "Just flip the ball and see what she'll do," coolly chirruped the fellow.

"The dealer, who had picked the ball out of the pocket, stayed his hand. He looked at the money, sized up the player to see if he was bluffing and had a cable tied to it, and seeing the fellow meant business and had a big wal left, wilted and refused to roll. By this time fifty people had gathered around the table, those on the outside craning their necks over the shoulders of those in front of the daring stranger, who, with the utmost sang froid, drew a cigar from his pocket, asked the dealer for a match, carelessly scratched it on his pants, lighted the cigar and looking impatiently at the dealer, remarked:

"Go ahead; win or lose. Give us a roll and see what my luck is today."

"The dealer still refused to turn, and the fellow was about to take up his money and leave when the proprietor came over, and after a little meditation told the dealer to roll the ball and he would pay the bet if he lost. The little ivory ball was sent spinning around, and after making ten or twelve circuits struck the pockets, skipped over the metal edges, and finally, after bobbing first into one and then another, dropped in three in the odd red. The house had won the money. The stranger shook the game, bought \$1,000 worth of chips and tackled faro with indifferent success.

"Another well known gambler borrowed \$100 of a friend, and sat in a game of faro on Holladay street. Before 1 o'clock he had won \$2,400, broke the bank, and would have won the proprietor and dealer had they not closed up and jumped the game. Two days later this same gambler didn't have a dollar, but the following night he borrowed \$50 and won \$3,100."

A CHANGE IN TIME.

"The funniest play I ever witnessed came up the other night," chipped in a third party. "A young fellow whose appearance was suggestive of a railroad fireman or brakeman bought \$10 worth of chips and tackled the wheel. In a half hour he had lost \$65. He was considerably discouraged, and was about to leave when he turned to the dealer and said: 'You can't beat me for \$5 on the colors.' He had 50 cents' worth of chips left from previous deals, and, throwing a \$5 gold piece on the red, he straddled the double and single Os with the chips in order to protect himself against the percentage. The ball went spinning around and had made several circuits when the fellow switched gold piece to the single O and transferred the chips to the red. In ten seconds the ball dropped and caught the single O. He lost 50 cents in chips and won \$175 off the \$5. He exercised a whole lot of sense then, for he cashed in and got away with the money."

"However," soliloquized the sport, "gambling isn't pay. In the instances stated the parties won by a scratch, but fifty others lost. These rare winnings remind me of the freaks of fortune in the gold mines of California. O'Briens, Mackays, and a few more fortunates, but the world never stopped to think of the thousands upon thousands who lost. Most of the money which supports the ten or fifteen gambling houses in Denver is won from poor laborers, who take \$10 or \$15, the earnings of a whole week, and try to win a fortune. The amount they draw is not enough to protect them. They simply play their money against the thousands of the bank, and they are bound to lose in the end. Occasionally some fellow makes a winning, but, if he stays long enough, it will break him. The only ones who make money out of gambling are the proprietors of the houses. It is a costly amusement for the players. They rustle around for a week or month, earn \$15 or \$75, as the case may be, and lose it. They might as well march up and hand it over to the dealer, for he is sure to gobble it in a few hours."—Denver News.

Pussy Pays Her Own Board.

A correspondent of The Maine Farmer speaks a good word for the cat, and advises the farmer to keep several. Furthermore, the correspondent says, the cat ought to be kept well. Just keep your hired man, or even yourself, so meanly that you have not strength to work—you accomplish but little. Just so with your horse, with your cows, with your cats. The case of a man who lost \$100 worth of property by mice gnawing young apple trees is cited, and the moral drawn that if this man had kept half a dozen cats it would have been money in his pocket. He might have had the credit of, having the best in town, and taken comfort himself, besides making his family happy and saving his trees.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

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The Major's Whisky Shot.

Some interesting things are remembered by Sherman's Atlanta campaign veterans in connection with Lieut. Bundy, commanding a battery of artillery, now known as Maj. Bundy, and one of the editorial writers on Deacon Shepard's New York Mail and Express.

Lieut. Bundy had a tooth for a good toddy, and one morning at Kennewas Mountain had sampled some "Diamond B" commissary with some other officers, and reached his battery in excellent spirits. Soon Col. Geary rode that way, and, observing the lieutenant, gruffly addressed him thus:

"Lieut. Bundy, you are drunk."

Bundy answered back, as quick as a flash:

"Col. Geary, you are a d—d liar!"

Here was a situation. Geary was about to put Bundy under arrest, saying to him: "You are so drunk you don't know that gun from a hollow log."

"I don't, eh? I'll show you whether I do or not. See that bunch of rebels over there?" pointing to a group of Confederate officers taking an observation from an eminence half a mile away. "Just watch me scatter 'em."

Seizing the tail of a gun, he jerked it around, got the range, adjusted everything to his liking, gave the order to fire, exploding a four inch shell right in the midst of the group of Confederates, who hastily retired to cover, carrying with them their wounded.

Col. Geary withdrew his offensive remarks, complimented Bundy on his skill and rode away.

Lieut. Bundy was an expert artilleryist, and could land a shell about where he wanted to.

The writer has often heard it said by Federals who ought to know that he fired the shot that killed Gen. Polk—Kennewas Gazette.

The Dominion of Canada.

Canada is composed of seven provinces and a number of vast territorial districts, which correspond to the territories of the United States. The provinces bear a relation to the individual states. They are unequal in size, British Columbia having 390,344 square miles of area, and little Prince Edward Island containing only 2,133 square miles. Quebec has 193,355 square miles, Ontario has 107,780, Nova Scotia 21,731, New Brunswick 27,322, and Manitoba possesses 113,961. The enormous Northwestern territory, which has been subdivided into Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, comprises 1,919,592 square miles, Meewatyn 895,306, the Arctic islands 311,700, and the islands of Hudson's bay 23,400.

Here is an area in the aggregate of 3,400,542 square miles of God's earth under theegis of Great Britain. Polyglot is the population thinly scattered over the land. There are 1,200,000 Frenchmen, the Emerald Isle has contributed 925,600, and the Land of Cakes has 555,000 representatives. Three hundred thousand persons trace their near decent to Germany; there are 70,000 relatives of Taffy the Welshman, and the so called Scandinavians number about 11,000 souls. Ontario, the most thoroughly English province, has a population of 1,700,000 in round numbers; Quebec contains 1,600,000, of whom 1,100,000 are French. Nova Scotia contains 450,000, New Brunswick nearly 400,000, Prince Edward Island 120,000, British Columbia 120,000, and Manitoba approximately 170,000.—Exchange.

A Story of Bismarck.

The second volume of the memoirs of the Duke of Gotha, which has made such a stir in the social and political world of Germany, contains another anecdote of Bismarck—the latest accession to the ranks of doctors of divinity. When secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfurt, he was asked by a lady why he objected to the appointment of Count Thun to the position of ambassador. He replied that it was not a fit place for a man of his extraordinary talents, there being so little to do. "Then," continued the lady, "why do you retain your office?" "Oh! madam, it is another thing with me. I have always been a lazy, good for nothing fellow, and cared for nothing save my gun. Here I can hunt as well as on my farm and enjoy my siesta. The years have changed Bismarck and his ideas."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why do so many parents think children troublesome? Because they cry. And why do children cry? Because they suffer. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will relieve all pain that babyhood is subject to.
If your tongue is coated or if you have a bad breath, take a dose of Laxador, it will cure you.

An Immense Paving Stone.

There is a new paving stone come to town which breaks the record for size. The stone forming the sidewalk before the Vanderbilt mansion, in Fifth avenue, has hitherto held the record, and the honor will still be in the family, for it is Frederick Vanderbilt who has had the new one brought to New York, and it will be placed in front of his house. It is fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long. It was quarried at Oxford, Chenango county, and transported to this city on a special car. Superintendent William Buchanan, of the New York Central road, designed the car, and, according to an account published yesterday, showed great ingenuity in overcoming the many difficulties of his task. Nothing can be carried on the Central that is wider than ten or higher than fourteen feet, but Mr. Buchanan applied mathematics to the puzzle of handling a mass fifteen feet wide. He put the stone on edge at such an angle that its breadth and height accommodated themselves to the limits, brought it in safety to the city, and received the well deserved congratulations of his friends.—New York Tribune.

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I HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
which was alarming information. To add to my affliction after I had been ill about two years, I had an attack of Gravel. When this made its appearance my physician gave up my case, and I resigned myself to die. I had four doctors attend me, the best in the country, yet I constantly grew worse. Six years ago last June, how well I remember the time! I saw Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertised in our paper. After using one bottle I threw away my cane and went to New York on a visit, and three bottles cured me. I have never had a return of Gravel, nor of the pains or weakness in the back, and though I am over sixty years of age I am

Now Vigorous and Strong

as I was in my prime. I do all my own work, and can know that it is to be tried. I keep the medicine in the house and give it to my grandchildren, and recommended it whenever I can. What physicians fail to do all the various remedies which I have taken could not do Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did it. It cured the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman.

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AT HOME IN A POCKET.

A Veritable Living Lilliputian Unnerves a New York Hatter.

A prominent Eighth avenue hatter was surprisingly made aware that a very little thing at times causes a great deal of commotion in this hustling world. He was cozily seated in his salubrious repository and carefully engaged in scrutinizing the columns of The Evening Sun, when a gentleman entered and asked to see some hats. The latest thing in silk tiles was shown to him. He tried one on. It did not exactly suit his fancy, however, and the proprietor placed several others before him, and was about to return the first one to its proper shelf when a "still, small voice" from its interior greatly startled him.

"Hold on, sir," said the voice; "I'm not done yet." The astonishment depicted on the face of the hatter, as he dropped the tile and peered into it, was doubly increased by what he saw, and he hastily jumped back and clutched the counter for support. His exclamations of surprise and excited manner brought several clerks and customers to his side, whose astonishment became equally as great as his. And no wonder. The most diminutive mite of a man that ever existed outside of Mother Goose's Melodrama or Swift's Lilliputians was standing upright in the hat, which was, of course, an ordinary one, and having plenty of room to move about therein.

With the assistance of the customer who had called for the headgear, the little fellow was helped out, and taking his stand on the rim of the hat, his elbow resting on the crown, he bade the writer a pleasant "good evening." He had been but imperfectly seen while in the hat; therefore, upon looking at him out of it, the reporter could scarcely believe his eyes, for there stood a perfectly formed and, as he subsequently proved, an intelligent little gentleman. No reporter could resist the instinct to engage him in an interview. It was discovered that he came to the store in the overcoat pocket of the gentleman who had helped him out of the hat, and whom the spectators now strongly suspected of having previously helped him in it.

The little fellow's name proved to be Hop o' My Thumb, a euphonious name given to him because of his diminutive size. He is 19 years of age, 10 inches in height, and weighs just 9 pounds. Soon after imparting this information he was conveyed to the pocket of the gentleman who brought him in, and then, while waggishly wagging his small head, he informed the interviewer that the owner of the hat, etc., was Mr. Thomas Foster, manager, who was as "fine as silk."

"I'm somewhat under his size," said Hop o' My Thumb, "but nevertheless he treats me as his equal. We have a lark together." This last remark was made while he rolled a tiny cigarette, and he indeed looked amused as he leaned against the side of his manager's pocket and contentedly puffed away. No one present doubted the statement made by Mr. Foster that Hop o' My Thumb is the smallest known human being, and that his like has probably never existed. "He has reached the age of maturity," said Mr. Foster, "and yet he weighs no more than the average babe at birth."

At this saying he lifted the atom of manhood from his position in the pocket and actually held him out to the reporter on the palm of his hand, while the subject of his remarks bowed to every one present with the air of a Chesterfield. A bright smile then illumined his handsome little face as quoting "A man's a man for a that," the lid of the pocket was buttoned over him and the manager and mite took their departure.—New York Evening Sun.

Getting Around the Law.

The "secrecy of grand jury chamber" is another legal fiction that is easily penetrated. An instance is as follows: A justice of sessions was curious to learn whether the grand jury in a noted case had been unanimous in their finding of the indictment. He asked me whether I had learned concerning it. I replied: "No, but I can readily find out for you from Mr. —, your townsman," indicating a grand juror standing on the opposite side of the street. "Oh, no, you must not ask him," rejoined the anxious member of the court; "it would be an indictable offense for you to ask him, or for him to tell you." "I don't propose to ask him, but to get him to tell you," I replied. "I will pass over and engage him in conversation, and then you come up and call me aside and repeat your question loud enough for him to hear."

It took but a few minutes for me to engage the rural grand juror in conversation regarding the crop prospects of his neighborhood for an "Argus" item, and then the magistrate beckoned me full off a few and repeated his part of the play.

I replied that I had heard two versions: "One, that they were unanimous, and another that they stood nineteen to four."

"You're right the first time," broke in the bucolic grand juror; "we were unanimous about it, and don't you forget it." I have not.—Albany Argus.

Bleached Mustaches in Vogue.

A man wearing a head full of black hair and a lip full of white bristles attracted the attention of a dealer in wigs yesterday. He said: "That is the latest fad. The man has bleached his mustache. The bleach is not applied by hairdressers, but is sold in bottles and applied at home. One application of the bleach will turn a fierce red mustache into a lovely blonde or old gold tint. You can't find as many red mustaches now as were worn six months ago, for the bleach is becoming popular. Beards are treated in the same way, and men with dark hair and light mustaches are increasing every day. The bleach is injurious to the hair, and the only way to restore the original color is to shave the mustache off and let it grow out again. It is hard to detect a bleached mustache, but experts can do it every time."—Buffalo Express.

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